

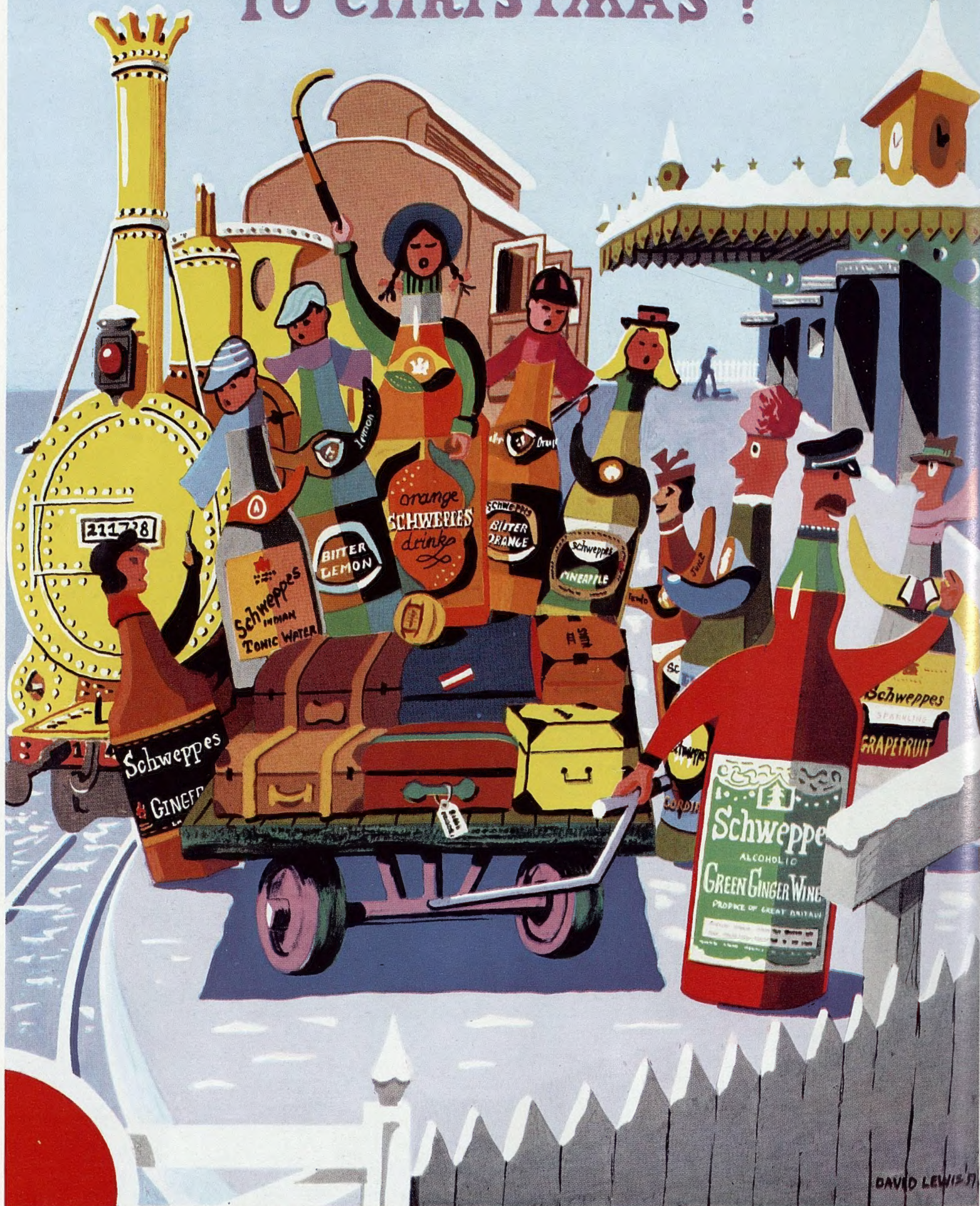
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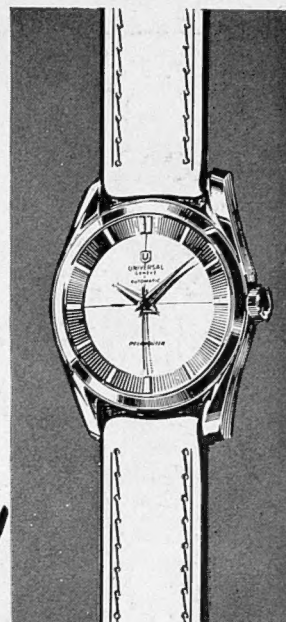
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MISS CECILIA THOMPSON is the daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Thompson, of Gatacre Park, Bridgnorth, Shropshire. She was presented in April this year and has since gone to a finishing school at Winkfield in Berkshire. Miss Thompson's favourite sports are ski-ing and riding, and she hunts with the Wheatland Hounds in Shropshire. She also takes a keen interest in music

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 27 to December 4

Nov. 27 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend a reception at the British Museum.

Association Football: England v. France at Wembley.

International Folk Dancing at the Royal Albert Hall.

Dance: Mrs. Owen Hugh Smith for her niece, Miss Judith Abel Smith, and Mrs. John Buxton for her daughter, Miss Penelope Buxton, in London.

Canadian Women's Club Annual Maple Leaf Ball at the Dorchester.

Ball of the Future at the May Fair Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Windsor and Haydock Park.

Nov. 28 (Thu.) National Cat Club Championship Show at the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall.

Christmas Fair in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind at Londonderry House, opening 10.45 a.m.

Christmas Bazaar at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, 2 p.m.

American Society in London: Thanksgiving Day Banquet at the Dorchester.

Premiere of *The Ten Commandments* in aid of the British Red Cross Society, at the Plaza Theatre.

The Duchess of Gloucester will be present.

Steeplechasing at Windsor and Haydock Park.

Nov. 29 (Fri.) The Queen will attend the Regimental Tea Party of the Royal Tank Regiment of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

"Children's Paradise," an Exhibition of Playthings through the ages, in aid of the Royal School for the Blind (for six weeks) at 138 Park Lane.

National Dog Show (two days), Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

Hunt balls: Hambledon Hunt Ball at Winchester Guildhall; Old Raby Hunt Club Ball at Raby Castle, Co. Durham.

Steeplechasing at Newbury.

Nov. 30 (Sat.) St. Andrew's Day celebrations at Eton. United Hunts' Club Ball at the Pitt Club, Cambridge.

St. Andrew's Night Dance at the Hurlingham Club. Steeplechasing at Newbury, Warwick and Catterick Bridge.

Dec. 1 (Sun.) Concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent, soloist Moiseiwitsch, 7.30 p.m. at the Royal Albert Hall.

Dec. 2 (Mon.) Smithfield Show and Agricultural Machinery Exhibition (to 6th), at Earls Court. Bloodstock Sales: December Sales at Newmarket (to 6th).

Christmas Fair and Bridge Tournament in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. at the Dorchester.

Steeplechasing at Leicester.

Dec. 3 (Tue.) Princess Margaret will attend a performance of *The Gang Show* at Golders Green Hippodrome.

The Duchess of Kent will attend the Life-Boat Ball at the Savoy.

Steeplechasing at Leicester.

Dec. 4 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend a reception given by Shikar Club at the Fishmongers' Hall. Princess Alexandra will attend the Snow Ball, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, at the Dorchester.

Sir John Gielgud in a preview of *The Tempest* given for the Invalid Children's Aid Association at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Steeplechasing at Liverpool and Plumpton.

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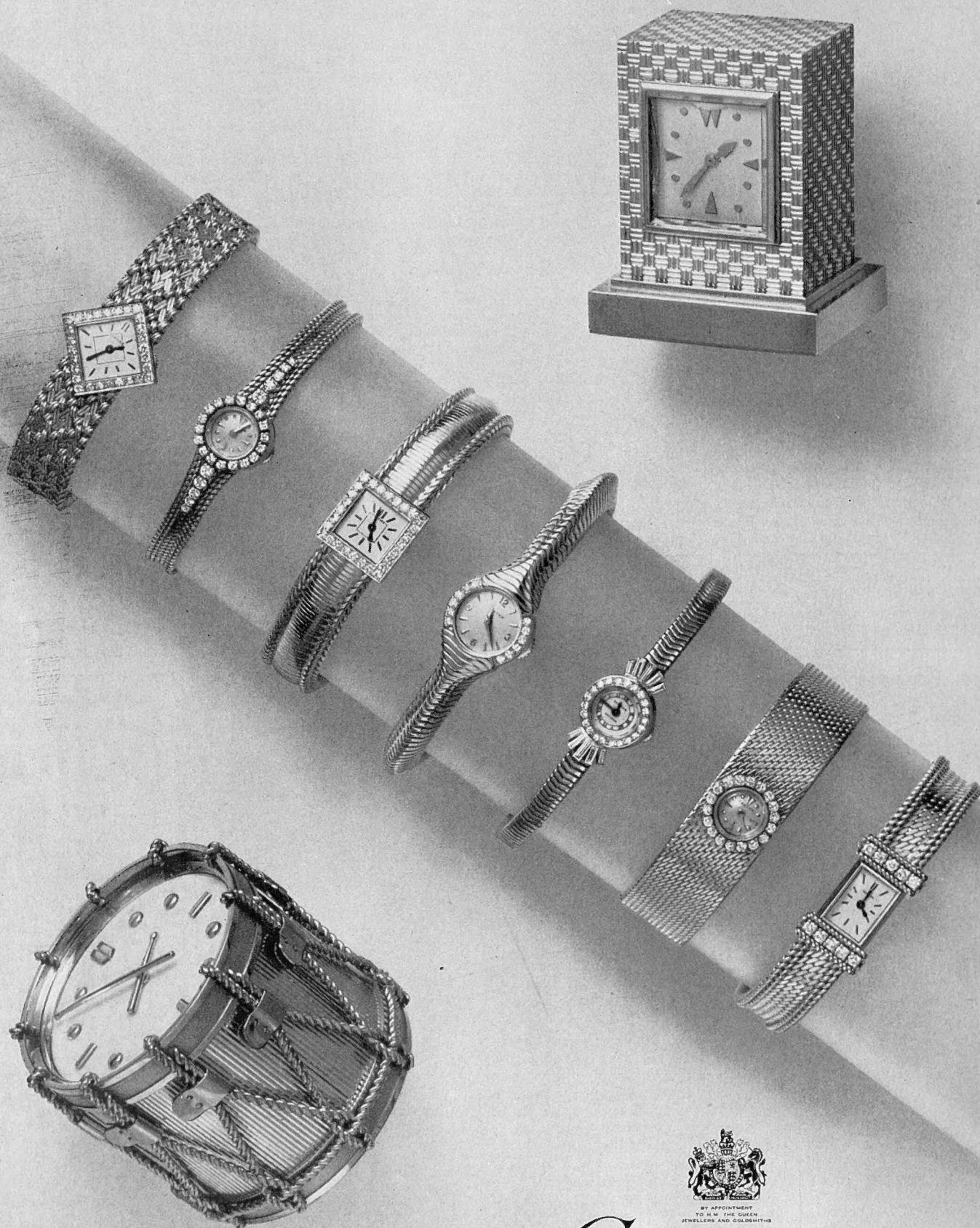
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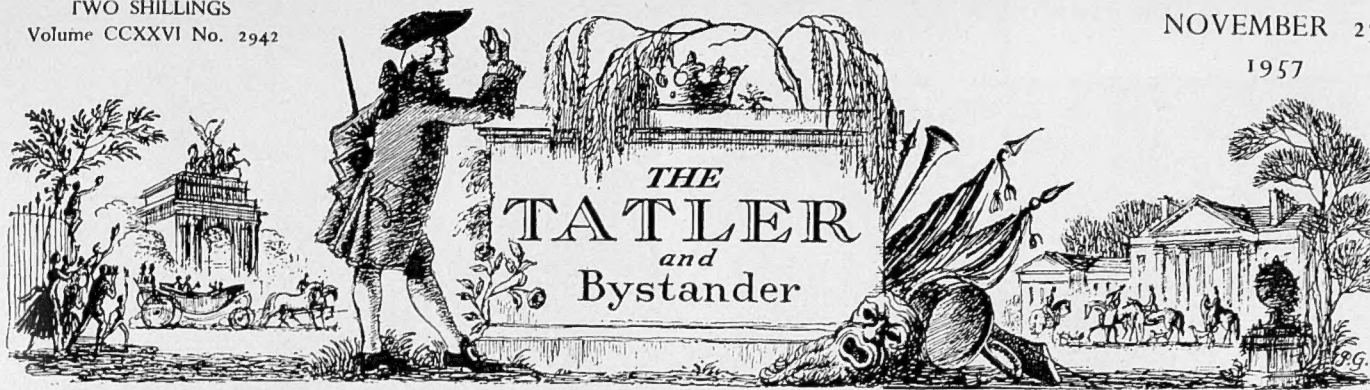
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LADY McEVoy is the wife of Air Marshal Sir Theodore N. McEvoy, Chief of Staff at the Headquarters of the N.A.T.O. Central European Air Forces at Fontainebleau, France. Lady McEvoy, who leads a busy life, and assists her

husband by engaging in many social activities, brings warmth, charm and elegance to this international society. She is helped by her family, her son Robin, aged seventeen, and her daughter Jill, who is at the Sorbonne



Judge Sir Gerald Hargreaves and Lady Hargreaves were among those present



Spanish dancers performing a flamenco, which was received with great enthusiasm

ANGLO-SPANISH ENTENTE

THE ANGLO-SPANISH BALL, organized by the Anglo-Spanish League of Friendship, took place at Grosvenor House. Over five hundred guests were received by the Spanish Ambassador, H.E. the Duke of Primo de Rivera, Mrs. Rafael Valls, the chairman, and the Duchess of Rutland, who was a vice-president of the ball



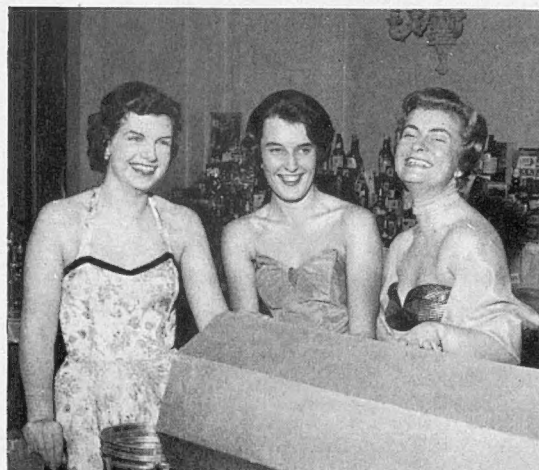
Miss Gill Gosling with Mrs. Nicholas Mavroleon



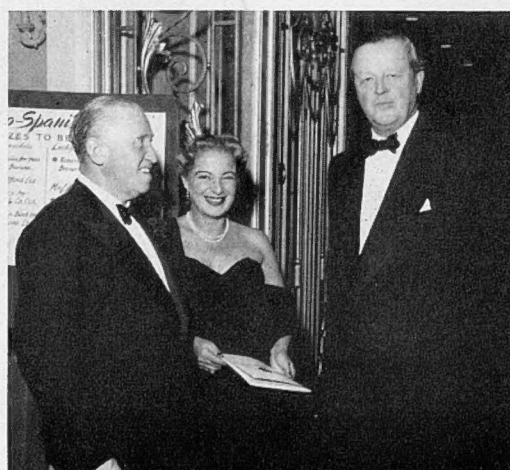
Viscount and Viscountess Davidson sitting at their table



Mrs. Jean Guepin and the Earl of Hardwicke



Miss Elizabeth Brown, Miss Patricia Salmon and Miss Fran Bunday



The Earl of Carnarvon, Mrs. N. Siniosglogo, the Duke of Marlborough



Mrs. Hopton and Mr. Eric Hopton both won prizes at the ball



Senora Dona de Gallegos with H.E. the Spanish Ambassador and Mrs. Rafael Valls

Desmond O'Neill



The Duchess of Rutland was here with Mr. Nicholas Mavroleon



Rajaville, Duchess of Leinster, and the Philippine Ambassador



Miss Tessa Ruscoe talking to Mr. Bryan Harris



Miss Susan Wills and Miss Sally Hunter selling raffle tickets



Mr. Colin Crewe and Mrs. Crewe, formerly Miss Sally Churchill



Miss Sarah Johnstone selling a programme to Mr. Richard Stanes

MRS. RANKIN AND QONA

MRS. FELIX RANKIN is seen with her daughter Qona, who is three and a half years old, at their charming flat in Rutland Court, Knightsbridge. Mrs. Rankin is the daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Colston; her husband is the managing director of an engineering firm. They were married in 1952



Clayton Evans

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE CHELTENHAM MEETING

EVERYONE with sporting instincts must be delighted that the Queen headed the list of winning owners, winning £62,311 in stakes at the end of this year's flat racing season which has just come to a close. This is the second time she has held this position in the racing world since her succession. What is also good to learn is that she is also second in the list of breeders, which is a great personal credit to the interest she takes in the Royal stud at Sandringham.

On the final day of flat racing when there were meetings at Manchester and Lingfield, there was also a very big crowd at Cheltenham for the November National Hunt meeting, the chief attraction being the new handicap steeplechase for the Hennessy Gold Cup with prize money worth over £5,000 to the winner. There were nineteen starters including many of our top chasers, among them Linwell and Gay Donald, both winners of the Cheltenham Gold Cup, Much Obligated winner of the Whitbread Cup last season, Bremonter winner of the Scottish Grand National and six-year-old Mandarin who showed great promise last season and the ultimate winner of this race, which was one of the best I have ever watched.

By a happy coincidence Mandarin is owned by a member of the famous Hennessy family, Mme. Kilian Hennessy, who is English by birth, being a daughter of the late Sir Richard Cruise, one of our most brilliant eye specialists, and also a great amateur jockey across country. Mr. Fulke Walwyn trained the winner which was extremely well ridden by P. G. Madden, who received a great ovation when he entered the unsaddling enclosure. Mr. David Brown's very game horse Linwell, who was giving weight all round, finished second in the race and Mr. Bryan Nichol's good looking grey Bremonter third. In the presence of Lord Willoughby de Broke, the senior steward of this meeting, Mme. Maurice Hennessy presented the lovely Gold Cup to the winning owner, with the trainer and the jockey standing beside her in the unsaddling enclosure. M. Kilian Hennessy, alas, missed the race as he was in Singapore on business. I saw Monsieur Maurice Hennessy who

is head of the family and of the famous Cognac firm. He is a great judge of a horse and has a fine stud of flat-race horses in France. The Hennessy connection with racing is renowned on both sides of the Channel. In 1909 the late James Hennessy won the Grand National with Lutteur III and later the Grand Prix with Take My Tip. His son Maurice has carried on his stable successfully, and if his filly La Mirambule had not been beaten by a short head in our 1,000 Guineas in 1952 he would have realized the family ambition to win all the English classics, for his grandmother, the late Lady James Douglas, had previously won the triple crown with her famous horse Gainsborough and the Oaks with Bayuda.

M. AND MME. PATRICK HENNESSY, who owns that good horse Lavarede, had also come over from Paris for the race, and I met Lord Windlesham, another member of the family, who had come over from Ireland with his wife to see the race. His brother, the Hon. Freddie Hennessy, with Mrs. Hennessy looking very attractive in blue, who live in Berkshire were very busy looking after relations and friends who also enjoyed the luncheon party they had arranged before the racing. Besides the inauguration of this exciting race, there was a very good card with plenty of runners in every event.

In the second race we saw Major Derek Wigan's useful hurdler Feluma land the odds by winning the Rosehill hurdle race, beating the much fancied Irish trained Sestina. Feluma is trained by Mr. Ryan Price who trained the winner of the Manchester November Handicap which was also run at Manchester that afternoon. There was an exciting finish when the Irish trained Dunnock beat the favourite Retour de Flamme by three quarters of a length. Happily it was a mild afternoon with good visibility.

Among those enjoying this very pleasant day's racing were the Marquess of Abergavenny, Lady Apsley who had a continual flow of friends in her box, Lady Willoughby de Broke very chic in a fur trimmed coat, Sir Richard and Lady McCreery whose son Mr. Bob McCreery was riding, Lord and Lady Leigh who had come over from their fine

home Stoneleigh Abbey, Sir Gordon and Lady Munro whose horse Le Siroco II won the last race, Major and Mrs. Derek Wigan, the latter looking very nice in a grey coat and green hat delighted at the success of Feluma, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne dispensing hospitality in their box, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron, the latter looking very attractive in a "shocking pink" coat, Lady Jane Nelson, Lady Cooper very neat in beige, Major Stirling Stuart, Major and Mrs. Eric Dugdale and their daughter Caroline, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leggat who came with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bryant, Lady Jean Christie, Sir Randle Feilden, Sir Dingwall Bateson, who like many others travelled down from London in the race special, Lady Newall who had only just returned from a visit to the Lebanon and Italy which she had enjoyed tremendously, Lady Sybil Rowley, Mr. Phil Forsyth-Forrest, and Miss Angela Courage who came with her cousins Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage who had two runners at the meeting.

★ ★ ★

THE first Anglo-Spanish Ball held in the smaller ballroom at Grosvenor House was a tremendous success, tickets having been sold out several days before the ball. The Spanish Ambassador, who was president of the ball committee, had a big party at his table including Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Valls (she was chairman of the ball committee), Mrs. Maria Luiza Arnold, Major and Mrs. Philip Gribble, Dr. Halliday Sutherland, chairman of the Anglo-Spanish League of Friendship, to which the proceeds of the ball go, Mr. Brian Thynne and his Spanish born wife, Mr. David Sandeman and his pretty wife who is also Spanish by birth, and Mr. and Mrs. Basil Mavroleon. At tables all round the room were friends who enjoy the sunshine of Spain, some of them for more than the summer months.

The Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Carnarvon and Mrs. Pelly North were in Mr. Tom Burn's party. Mrs. Burn's who is Spanish by birth, missed the ball as she is away in Spain with her father who is recuperating from a bad illness. At another table I saw the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, the Hon. Edward and the Hon. Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Mrs. John Dewar and Ann Lady Orr-Lewis just back from the Bahamas, where she is going again several months around Christmas; she was wearing a beautiful white bath dress, very heavily embroidered in pearls and made by the Spanish couturier Rodrigues. Viscountess Monckton, looking very chic wearing a short mink jacket over a maroon faille dress, was at another table with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Williams had a big party including M. Jacques Tiné, first Counsellor at the French Embassy, and his charming pretty wife who was in deep purple velvet, Lord Wardington, Diana Avebury, Mr. Peter Bowen Davis, Miss Faith Beaumont-Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Creed. Mrs. Williams had worked very hard organizing the wonderful tombola which had over 800 gifts including large joints of beef in transparent wrappings, lots of pheasants and fourteen dozen pairs of nylon stockings.

The Duchess of Rutland, one of the vice-presidents, had a party and among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague. I met Miss Grace Rol, looking very attractive, who had flown over from her home in Argentina for the ball and came in Sir Harold and Lady Hood's car. Others at this very chic and gay ball included Mr. and Mrs.



Dorothy Wilding
MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY, who was married to Mr. Sweeney of South Audley Street in September. She was formerly Miss Arden Sneed of East 63 Street, New York City

Antony Norman, Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mr. Peter French Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Swinden, Mrs. Teddy Tobolski just off by boat to South America where she is meeting her husband, the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and her eldest daughter Julia, and Miss Caroline Clive back from her world tour and dancing with Mr. John Bardsley.

Among the bevy of pretty girls selling programmes were Miss Sally Probart Jones, Miss Susan Wills, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Miss Sally Hunter, Lady Sarah Cadogan and Miss Anne Tichborne. There was a display of furs designed by Jose Maria Tico and a very colourful cabaret of Spanish dances by courtesy of Mme. Elsa Brunelleschi.

★ ★ ★

A LARGE portrait of King Baudouin of the Belgians, with red and yellow chrysanthemums arranged on each side, hung on the wall of one of the reception rooms of the Dorchester. The occasion was a reception given by the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Champenois



Sir David Kelly, Mme. Stikker, wife of the Dutch Ambassador, and Viscount Esher



Sir Nevile Bland, chairman, the Countess of Albemarle, Lady Bland and the Earl of Albemarle, President



Sir Thomas Cook, Miss M. H. Henderson, Miss C. MacLaurin and Lord Huntingfield

A. V. Swaabe

Anglo-Netherlands Society Annual Dinner at the May Fair Hotel



Col. John Hope in conversation
with Miss Shirley Watson



Mrs. Eastwood, Mr. R. W.
Eastwood and Mrs. Robert Beatty



Miss Diane Clare talking to
Mr. Richard Clarke

Van Hallan

First Night of "The Happiest Millionaire" at the Cambridge Theatre

to celebrate the name day of the King of the Belgians. The guests included many members of the Diplomatic Corps, among them the German Ambassador and Frau von Herwath, the Italian Ambassador, Mme. Chauvel whose husband the French Ambassador was away in Paris, the Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen, the Moroccan Ambassador, the Russian Ambassador, the Danish Ambassador and M. Juniac of the French Embassy. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress came to the party, also the Burgomaster of Brussels and Mme. Cooremans, who helped receive.

The quiet and charming Military and Naval Attaché at the Belgian Embassy, Commandant Cuissart de Grelle, and his nice wife were busy looking after guests, who also included representatives of the Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, Treasury and Board of Trade. Vicomtesse Obert over from Belgium for a short visit was greeting many old friends. I met the Dowager Lady Swaythling talking to the very charming Belgian banker, Comte de la Barre d'Erquelles. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, Sir William and Lady Hayter, Gen. and Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Johnston and her son Mr. Arthur Johnston, Sir Alfred Bossom and Sir Lacon Threlford were among others at the reception.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to three first nights during the week, all entertaining and enjoyable evenings in the theatre. The first was the Urals Ensemble, a company of Russian dancers and singers from the Ural mountains, with their own accordion accompanists, who put on a very gay and colourful production at Drury Lane Theatre for a short season of three weeks which ends next Saturday, November 30. Secondly, the new American musical at the Coliseum called *Bells Are Ringing*, which I found very bright and gay, with some tuneful and catchy numbers and an outstandingly pretty and competent leading lady Janet Blair. Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, who had been the guests of the Queen for dinner at Buckingham Palace the previous night, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Madden, and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Nesbitt were among a big number of film, theatrical and television personalities in the audience.

The following night I went to that very amusing play *The Happiest Millionaire* at the Cambridge Theatre. This has already proved a tremendous success in America and from the applause after the final curtain I should imagine it will have a very successful run here. The play, by Kyle Crichton, is written round the late Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, a tremendous character, and a member of one of Philadelphia's oldest and most distinguished families, who was determined to show that a wealthy man could also be a happy one. He was also somewhat of an eccentric, as is shown in the play.

Incidentally, many readers will remember his son, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., who was U.S. Ambassador in London during the war to the governments in exile. He came over from America for the preview of *The Happiest Millionaire*, which was given to raise funds for the Sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games to be held at Cardiff next year. His sister, Mrs. Cordelia Robertson, who wrote a most amusing book about her father called *My Philadelphia Father* from which the play was suggested, was also over for the preview.

On the opening night the proudest person in the audience must have been Mrs. Dwight Whitney (Adrienne Allen) who was accompanied by her husband. She saw her son young Daniel Massey playing his first big part in a London theatre, and playing it brilliantly. He has certainly inherited the theatrical talent of both parents (his father is Raymond Massey the well-known actor who now spends most of his time in America). Dan's actress sister Anna was, alas, not able to see her brother's great success, as she herself is playing the lead in

the highly successful and amusing play *Dear Delinquent* at the Westminster Theatre.

In the audience I saw Lord and Lady Gifford, Ronald Squire chuckling merrily throughout the play, Viscount Ednam, Mr. John Houlder, Mr. and Mrs. Garret, her son Mr. Tom Craig who brought a party of young friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Salter, Mr. and Mrs. David Metcalfe, the latter wearing a magnificent mink coat over her evening dress, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael sitting in one of the boxes, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Kerman, and Mrs. Pattullo with Mrs. Hugh Campbell who was looking very fit and well after a visit to Canada and the U.S.

As neither I nor my escort wanted to go on to supper after one of these first nights, we met early instead and had the most delicious hot oysters in the Dorchester Grillroom. Kaufeler, the famous chef here, produced for us six different varieties on one plate, as they do so often in America, but so seldom in this country. Each one was delicious in its own way. I think my three favourites were "Florentine," done with spinach and Mornay sauce, "Musgrave," covered with bachelors and a sharp sauce, and "à l'Americaine," which is done in lobster sauce. For all those who like oysters I thoroughly recommend this as an ideal meal before a theatre.

★ ★ ★

OVER two hundred men and women who filled the panelled ballroom and overflowed out to the top of the stairs listened intently to a carefully delivered and brilliant lecture entitled "What Freedom Means To Me," given by H.R.H. Princess Ileana of Rumania at the English Speaking Union headquarters in Charles Street. The Princess, who is a daughter of the late Queen Marie of Rumania, and great granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was in Rumania with her six children when the Russians entered and took over in 1944. She got busy running a hospital and was loath to leave, but finally took the decision to do so in 1948. With her children she now makes her home in America, where she said she had become "an ordinary American citizen."

The Princess spoke of the postwar years in Rumania, and what she had seen and heard; of her meeting with Mme. Anna Pauker, who she said she found the most intelligent of the Communist leaders; of how Communism is taught, to the children especially, to produce a uniformity of "single non-mindedness" in a country which was formerly an example of real democracy, with large numbers of peasants owning their land, and so much self-employment that in fact only ten per cent of the population were wage or salary earners.

The Princess was introduced by Mr. Charles Gibbs-Smith, and among those in the audience were Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, wearing a short fur coat over her black dress, Princess Nikita of Russia, Prince and Princess Andrej of Yugoslavia (he arrived from work rather late and in a charming manner stood quietly by the door unnoticed), Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Baillieu whose husband is chairman of the E.S.U., Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, the Director-General of the E.S.U., and his very attractive wife, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rex Benson, Prince Alexander Roumanoff, Lady Barnard and Baroness Ravendale.

★ ★ ★

MISS LUCY FISHER, as Mayoress of Kensington, received the guests with her father, the Mayor of Kensington, at the reception they gave in the town hall of their borough. Among those present were the new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denis Truscott, a very charming

personality who is looking forward to his year of office, during which time he will be carrying on the family tradition, as both his uncle and grandfather were former Lord Mayors. As a great number of the foreign embassies are in the Borough of Kensington, many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present. Among these I saw the Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zeid al-Hussein, the Philippines Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero, and the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Nishi. I met the Marquess of Carisbrooke, the Dowager Marchioness Townshend who is now living in Edwardes Square—she was talking to Cdr. Scott-Miller, the M.P. for King's Lynn—and Mrs. Scott-Miller.

Others at the reception, where there was also dancing, included the Dowager Lady Swaythling, whom I saw leaving with Mrs. Holloway, wife of the High Commissioner for South Africa, Lord and Lady Hacking who have recently returned from a visit to America, Lady Petrie the former very popular Mayor of Kensington, the Hon. Derek and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Sir Charles and Lady Norton, who went on to the International Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the United Nations Association.

Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon was chairman of this ball and received the guests with Lord Birdwood, the president, and Sir Ronald Adam, chairman of the executive committee of the U.N.A. Again many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present, and the flags of many countries fluttered on the supper tables. Capt. Ronald Bowes-Lyon was there, also Lady Birdwood, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Mrs. Brian Fitzgerald-Moore, chairman of the young committee.

★ ★ ★

CHRISTIE'S are very generously holding a sale for charity as they did last winter. This time the very good cause is the Queen Elizabeth Training College for the Disabled, which is under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The Duchess of Norfolk is president of the committee organizing the sale, which is to take place in the evening on December 17, and the Countess of Halifax the chairman. Among those who have kindly contributed gifts of works of art to the sale are the Queen Mother, who has presented an eighteenth-century Chinese white porcelain vase mounted in ormolu. Others include the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland, Lady Churchill, the Earl of Feversham, Earl of Artescue, the Earl of Scarbrough, the Duchess of Norfolk, who has contributed four early Sheffield silver candlesticks, and the Countess of Halifax, whose contribution is a fine star ruby and diamond brooch.

Among other attractive pieces of jewellery in the sale are a diamond brooch presented by the Hon. Mrs. White, a fine opal and gold suite, a gift of Mrs. John Thursby, and an unusually large amethyst which was once in the collection of Queen Alexandra, now presented by Malcolm Bullock. Among the objects of vertu are a number of gold and silver snuff boxes, also a miniature of Capt. the Hon. Hugh Lindsay by John Smart, presented by Sir Bruce Ingram.

A considerable portion of the sale is devoted to English and foreign art. Among the attractive pieces presented are a George II tea caddy given by the Earl of Halifax, and a William III two-handled ewer from Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor. There are also a number of old and modern pictures. This should be a great occasion to buy many lovely *objets d'art* and at the same time help a very good cause.



NAME DAY CELEBRATION

THE Belgian Charge d'Affaires, M. Etienne Champenois, seen above with Mme. Champenois, held a reception at the Dorchester for 200 guests in honour of the Name Day of King Baudouin



M. Cools and the Hon.
Mrs. Graham Lampson



Lady Hayter was with
Mrs. F. A. Hoare



Cdt. Cuissart de Grelle, Belgian Military Attache,
with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fraser



Sir Edward Ford was here in company with Mr. and
Mrs. Peter Whitwell

Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. Sheelagh Dunn (left) and Miss Katrin Bernstiel were among the guests

BALL OF THE NATIONS

DIPLOMATIC representatives of several countries were among the many foreign guests who attended the International Ball, which was held in aid of the United Nations Association, at the Dorchester



Sir Charles Norton and Mrs. Ronald Bowes Lyon, who was chairman of the ball



Miss Christine Lodge with Mr. Robert Mayhew. More than 300 attended the ball



Sir Jeremy Mostyn, Bt. (left), Miss Joan Parker, Miss Victoria de Rin and Mr. John Brooke-Little



Miss Fiona MacBean and Mr. Geoffrey Lane were here buying tickets for the tombola



Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bt. (left), Mnie. Villaneuva, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and M. Villaneuva



Lady Birdwood and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Bt., M.P.



Mr. P. Cope and Lady Norton watch the dancing



Miss Anne Steensen-Leth and Mr. Roy Weir with the prizes which they won at the tombola



Mrs. A. E. Lowndes and Mr. D. J. Owen Hughes enjoying the dancing, which continued until 2 a.m.



Desmond O'Neill

Mrs. David Zeiler was talking at the dinner table to Captain Ronald Bowes-Lyon

ELIZABETH KENWARD comments on the recent announcement that Presentation Parties for debutantes will cease after next year, and discusses how this will affect the London Season in the future. The debutante of 1928 (right), wearing veil and feathers, shows how traditions have already changed



THE DEBUTANTES WILL SURVIVE!

A BOMBSHELL burst twelve days ago when an announcement was made officially from the Lord Chamberlain's Office saying that "H.M. the Queen would hold no more presentation parties at Buckingham Palace after next year." Instead, it was stated, the Queen will hold additional garden parties, thus being able to meet many more of her subjects from all walks of life. What a wise decision by the Queen, who wants to move with the times and have less formality around Court functions! Her Majesty possibly also realizes how these presentation parties were being magnified and, in some cases, exploited by those who were privileged to attend them. For the young girls of the future it will surely be more worth while to know that if they do have the good fortune to be invited to one of the garden parties with their parents, and are presented unofficially to the Queen or any member of the Royal Family, it will be because the family has been asked to the party as helpful and useful men and women of this country and the Commonwealth, rather than for their hereditary or social standing.

But what a furore this clear and simple statement from the Lord Chamberlain's Office created. The news hit the front page of many papers. Headlines such as "Twilight Of The Debs," "Good-bye Darlings," and "No More Debs" were blazoned everywhere. The telephone pealed for one's reaction. I was asked, would it really mean the end of all débutantes? Would it also mean the end of the London Seasons? Would it change the social life of England? Even television and radio took the subject up as if the decision to cease the two annual presentation parties for young girls was of world importance! The whole subject was highly overrated. In my opinion there will still be débutantes

and London will still have a season as long as other big cities do throughout the world.

Firstly, *presentation at Court alone has never meant a girl is a débutante*. Some débutantes whose parents have entertained for them during a season have never been presented; others have been presented a year or two after their season. But both categories were débutantes, in the true sense of the word, the year they came out. On the other hand, girls who have been presented at seventeen or eighteen, but who have not had any kind of social season, have never been known as débutantes. So I cannot understand the attitude "Death Of The Débutante," because of the very wise abolition of the presentation parties which were getting out-dated, and overgrown out of all proportion.

Surely a débutante is and always has been a girl whose parents have by inheritance or, more often today, by hard work and ability, acquired a big enough income and wish to spend some of it on showing their daughter at the end of her schooldays a new form of education in giving her a chance of a little social life during which time she gets an opportunity of mixing with people and making a bigger circle of friends.

IN two dictionaries I found the definition of a débutante was "one who makes a début," and "one making a first public or professional appearance, especially in entering society." There were débutantes long before evening Courts or presentation parties began, though in those days, without the tremendous publicity of modern times, débutantes were more often referred to as "young ladies in London for the season." To reach London they had probably travelled several days by coach! Often the whole family moved up for the summer, when they would open up their London house, or rent one for three months, and the daughter or daughters would enjoy a limited round of parties. During her season a young girl was lucky if she was taken to one of the Royal drawing rooms or possibly a Court ball.

It was of course considered a great honour to be received at Court, but it was no stigma if a young girl had not enjoyed this privilege during her season in London. It is really only since Edwardian days, when King Edward VII began the evening Courts, that there has been such a demand and scramble to receive a command to attend one of these Royal functions or their successors, the afternoon presentation parties—a privilege which afterwards, I am afraid, has been flourished by some as a pass to various activities.

ENGLAND is not the only country where there are débutantes. Young girls make their début and are known as débutantes all over the United States, where there has never been a Court. Canada, France, Italy, Sweden, and many other parts of the world have their own customs for débutantes, and launch their young ladies in different ways. In America young girls usually come out in the winter, from November through the Christmas vacation, sometimes at one of the big charity balls, although there are also a great number of private dances for débutantes each year in nearly every big American city.

Canada has big charity balls for débutantes in the main cities. For example, in Montreal there are the St. Andrew's Ball and the



A debutante driving to Buckingham Palace for her Presentation nearly thirty years ago



The Maids of Honour bringing in the cake at the 1957 Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, one of the highlights of every London season, which should continue for many years

Charity Ball, where a great number of young Canadian girls make their début. Also La Ligue de la Jeunesse Feminine Ball where many of the French Canadian girls come out. Sometimes one of these is attended by the Governor-General. There are also private débutante dances in Montreal all through the autumn. Each year I hear of young girls and boys flying over to Paris for one of the balls being given for a French débutante. Last summer one of the most outstanding was that given by Baron and Baronne Geoffrey de Waldner for their attractive débutante daughter Ellienne. In Paris there are many fewer and they are smaller family affairs, usually taking place in the autumn.

I would like to see the number of private dances cut down a little, as the summer season is now too full, and in addition I would like the Queen Charlotte's Ball, at which many girls make their début, held on two nights—as in the last few years applications for tickets have been oversubscribed and soon sold out—and several other big charity balls arranged for “débutantes only,” during the summer. Parents could then make up parties for these balls and not feel they ought to give their own dances to turn hospitality.

Now for the near future. With next year's presentation parties (the last to be held) fixed as early as March 19 and 20, 1958 will be a long and full season. Parents who are bringing their daughters home early from abroad, or wherever they are finishing, will in many cases keep them here. This means that from then on there will be quite a lot of parties for young people—they may be fork luncheons, tea parties or cocktail parties (there are always a number of the last kind the week of the presentation parties). With the exception of a break for Easter, informal entertaining will be in full swing until the season really begins the first week in May. Already a great number of débutante dances have been fixed for next summer and autumn.

THE social season includes not only débutante parties, but all the hardy annuals such as the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, the Trooping the Colour, the Royal Windsor and the Royal Richmond Horse Shows, the polo seasons at Windsor and Cowdray, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, Royal Ascot, Henley Regatta, the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match at Lord's, and of course the Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace.

Those who decry the social season should stop to think that not only does it create a lot of trade and employment, but that it also brings a great number of visitors from overseas, who have heard about it and want to join in. I personally do not think the abolition of the two annual presentation parties will change all this.



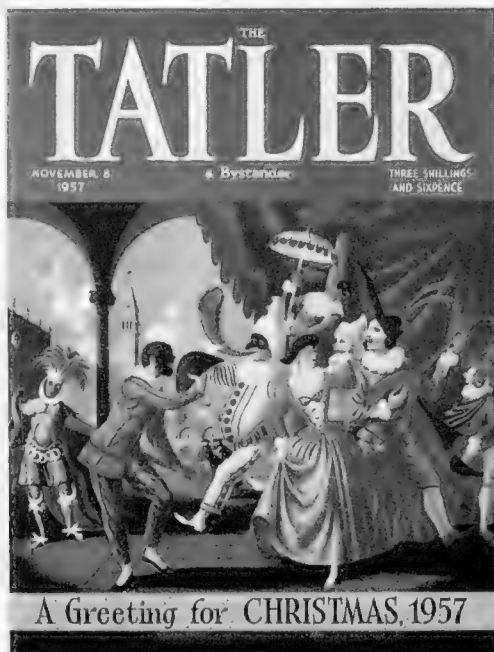
Miss Laura Nicholson and the Hon. Elizabeth Cecil leading the procession down the staircase at Queen Charlotte's Ball



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER making her speech from the gallery in the Underwriters' Room when she unveiled a plaque to open the new building of Lloyd's, in Lime Street. Also present were Princess Margaret, the new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denis Truscott, and the Archbishop of Canterbury

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of The TATLER, which is now available, brings to the forthcoming festival season an entrancing contribution of urbane humour and gaiety, and glowing colour. Appetites whetted by Philip Gough's cover depicting an Italian Masque will find rich satisfaction in the contents, from that light astrological *hors d'oeuvre* "Your Christmas Stars," to recollections of the wartime Royal pantomimes at Windsor, carols, stories, and diversions; all delightfully decked out with drawings, photographs and paintings. It costs 3s. 6d., and copies may be ordered from The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, W.C.2. Postage, inland 4d., Canada 1½d., abroad 6½d.



Roundabout

INDUSTRY ENCOURAGES THE FINE ARTS

John Metcalf

IT'S surprising that more hasn't been heard about the Guinness Poetry Awards recently announced amid a plethora of gold plate and black velvet at the Goldsmiths' Hall. Patronage by industry isn't a new story, sure; and a number of our large firms (like Shell and Lyons and I.C.I. and Whitbreads) have already done impressive things in this direction; but the Guinness Awards differ from the usual run of industrial patronage in one important respect: this is the first time that (as far as I know) an industrial concern has been prepared to act as a patron of the arts without applying them, in some way or another, to their own specific purposes.

This time, no one was asked to design a poster or paint a picture of the British Way of Life or write a Chestertonian ballad in praise of stout. What happened was that a jury of writers was appointed to choose the best poems published during the year and award prizes to them. The first went to Vernon Watkins, the second—and it is pleasant to see a professor still operating as a working poet—to Cecil Day Lewis, the third to George Barker. What's more, the prizes were specially designed to be acceptable to poets: hard cash.

I hear that Putnam's are to publish next year a selection of the poems that got, so to speak, into the finals. And of course, in this way some useful prestige publicity will rub off on to Guinness. Nevertheless this is an enterprise to be encouraged and applauded. Our writers, artists, composers and sculptors could do with more practical evidence of industry's interest along these lines.

ONE of the most talented writers of the younger American generation has just been visiting London. Jean Stafford (whose last book was that brilliant collection of short stories *Children Are Born On Sundays*) is the most charming of hypochondriacs. She considers she's wasted a day if she hasn't either managed to come up herself with a symptom of something alarming or discovered the beginnings of a deadly disease in one of her friends. She already knows far more doctors in London than most Londoners will meet in a lifetime. Anglo-American medical harmony is going well, she reports. And she has this piece of transatlantic expertise to pass on: it concerns the well-being of the brain.

We all know that the brain floats about inside the cranium like, say, Irish stew inside a stone hot water bottle. During its wobbling it is always liable (as Dr. Summerskill has pointed out in particular relation to pugilists) to receive damage. Moreover, all this jiggling about can't be good for clear, logical thought. A solution to this dangerous state of affairs (about which medical science has been suspiciously silent) has been hit upon by Miss Stafford accidentally.

Discovering one day—to her intense satisfaction—that she had something wrong with an ear, she went to one of her many doctors in New York who, after treating it, plugged it with cotton-wool. As the hours went by she discovered that one half of her was feeling more serene, more clear headed than usual. On an impulse she plugged the other ear. The result was miraculous. The jiggling of which she had been conscious all her life was completely arrested. A strange new peace descended on her. Her thoughts rose upwards, calm, rounded and beautiful. And of course, all this stands to reason.

Miss Stafford draws a simple analogy with the brassiere (and similar garments): "When the brain," she says, "is firmly but gently held in place by Stafford ear-supporters, it is obvious that it can function better. Instead of being bashed from side to side



Mr. Kenneth Callahan shows one of his paintings to Miss Julie Lawson



The U.S. Ambassador Mr. John Hay Whitney, Sir John Rothenstein, Mrs. Whitney



Mrs. E. de Sola and Miss Harriet Cohen admire David Hare's sculpture

Van Hallan

Exhibition of eight American artists at the I.C.A. Galleries

on a series of bony cliffs, it remains snugly at rest getting on with thinking."

World patents are pending, Nobel prizes probably loom. I should get some cotton-wool quickly before the price goes up.

At the moment (not altogether as a result of Miss Stafford's visit) I am undergoing a major cure. This means that I live on an orange, a cup of soup and a glass of fruit juice daily for ten days and very good it is for me, too. But inevitably, whenever I'm starving at Enton Hall, some misguided well-wisher who lives nearby asks me over for drinks or for a meal to relieve the tedium.

This happened last Saturday when some merry and attractive friends asked me to join a luncheon party at Cobham. Weakly, I accepted. It was, anyway, a buffet lunch which meant that I didn't actually have to sit at table and watch people killing themselves with carbohydrates and animal fats and starch. But the experience was definitely worth trying. From it I evolved a few simple rules for suffering fellow-fasters who find themselves in the same situation.

First, while everyone else is drinking cocktails, sip a glass of water. This alleviates the imitative pangs. Second, sit in a corner of the room with your back to the drinkers so that you can't see them enjoying themselves. Third, wait until lunch is nearly finished before you ask your hostess for the cup of plain soup which you are allowed: it does the morale a great deal of good to know, while the eating's going on, that the soup is there when you want it. Lastly, dwell on the thought that your companions are destroying themselves with all this food and

drink. While they do so be confident that you are a superior person: your eyes are clear, your skin gleams with health, and in fact your whole system is as sweet and clean as flowers after the rain.

The trouble last Saturday was that I had never seen such a healthy looking lot of people; and nearly every one of them at one time or another, said: "Are you sure you're feeling quite well? You really don't look very well."

THIS winter I have already seen the first authoritative forecast in one of those omniscient women's columns that the two-piece bathing dress is out and only one-piece suits will be worn next year. I've read it on every woman's page every year since the war. "Next year in France and Italy," they declaim, with a hockey captain's assurance, "the Bikini will be OUT. Everyone will be wearing. . . ." Then follow long descriptions of bloomer-suits, high necked costumes, coolie hats, tent-robos—and a hundred other things that I can't visualize from their descriptions.

Yet each year, on the beaches of France and Italy, all the chic-est bodies are wearing the same two-piece bathing suits, the same very short shorts (and they've been going out every year, too), the same simple beach shirts. I can never understand whether this is a brilliant and sustained piece of promotion by the beachwear industry or whether it is simply that the women who write these columns are so busy worrying about the hang of their new Bermuda shorts, the cut of their new high-necked bathing suit, that they haven't got time to look at anyone else. Still, November wouldn't be the same without this confident ukase.



BRIGGS



by Graham

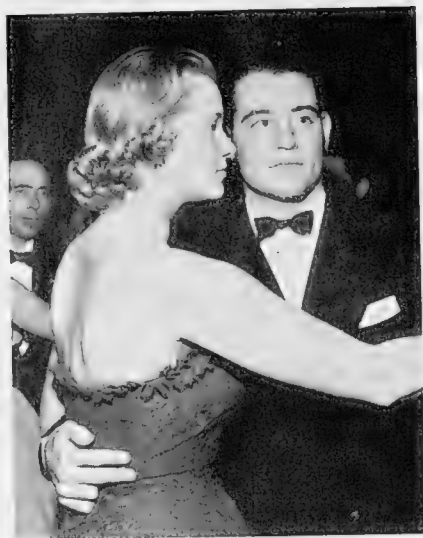


*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
Nov. 27,
1957
500*

*Mr. J. W. Field (left), Mrs. Andrew Rogers,
Mrs. Field and Mr. David Clarabut*



*Miss Shelagh Thompson
and Mr. R. O. Bond*



*Miss Ann Williams and
Mr. Richard Riggs*

YACHTING EVENING

THE BRITISH DRAGON ASSOCIATION held their annual dinner and dance at the Hyde Park Hotel; over one hundred yachting enthusiasts who sail Dragon Class boats were present with their guests on this occasion



*Mr. Peter Batchelor and Mrs. Batchelor were
two more at this happy celebration*



*The Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien in conversation
with Mr. Robert Garnham*



*Mrs. Miles Stimpson and
Mr. Glyn Blaxter*



*Mrs. R. Bond in company
with Mr. P. Dyas*



*Mrs. David King, Mrs. Ann Duffin and her fiance Lord
Worsley, the Earl of Yarborough's heir*

Van Hallan



Mr. H. P. Martin, son of Sir Alec Martin, head of Christie's, enjoyed the ball with Mrs. Martin



Lt.-Cdr. John Polglaze and Mrs. Polglaze



Mrs. C. Evans and Lt.-Cdr. Sir William Garthwaite, Bt.



A NAVAL AIR BALL

THE R.N.V.R. Air Association held its ball at Londonderry House when three hundred members and their guests attended. These included Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Richard Jolly, Mrs. D. F. Goodhew, Mrs. R. E. Bradshaw and Mr. Goodhew



Van Hallan

Mrs. J. Rowbothan, Rear-Admiral Charles Evans and Mrs. N. Sachnovsky



Capt. and Mrs. D. W. Kirke with Mrs. John Power and Vice-Admiral John Power



CESAR BALDACCHINI lives in Paris, where he collects scrap metal and materials for sculpture: he is seen with his "Moulin a Vent," shown at the Hanover Galleries



YVES MATHIEU SAINT-LAURENT, disciple of Christian Dior and a brilliant young designer, has been chosen to succeed the late couturier as creative stylist for the Dior organization

Priscilla in Paris

FAIRIES AT THE BOTTOM OF TAPESTRY GARDENS

Oriel Malet

ONE of the more fascinating shops in Paris is in the place de la Madeleine, and it specializes in all kinds of exotic foodstuffs—fruit, vegetables, spices, pressed ducks from China, Turkish delight in pale cubes dusted with icing sugar and tasting of rose-syrup, and all kinds of pure fruit juices which they make themselves, and of which crushed raspberry is the best. It also happens to be one of the few places in Paris where you can find avocado pears, and I went there for that reason; but as usual, the moment I got inside the door I forgot why I had come, and gave myself up to the pleasures of looking, smelling and tasting, about which they are generous here. Not the least of the pleasures of shopping in Paris is the way in which even the smallest purchase is made into an exciting parcel, delightful to carry home (if you remember not to trust the thin gold string) and fun to unwrap all over again.

It was while I was watching my single pear being wrapped with as much attention as if it had been a whole basket of fruit, first in pink tissue paper, then in stiffer white, then tied with red ribbons and finally stuck all over with little gold labels, that I heard an unmistakably American voice saying: "No, yesterday we went to see the Goblins. I had made up my mind that on our next trip to Paris, I just *had* to see the Goblins."

Looking round in surprise, I beheld two elegant ladies, who looked as if they might come to Paris to see the collections, or even an ambassador or two, but scarcely the Little People. And though most things can be found in this prodigal city, if you look hard enough, I have never yet heard that there are goblins at the bottom of the boulevards. Intrigued, I decided not to miss the end of this conversation, and, snatching up my pear to the shopman's dismay, before more than three gold labels had been stuck upon it, I reached the door in time to hear the friend reply: "But I think you're *so* right. I just *adore* needlepoint, too."

ALL was thus made plain; and as I had often intended to visit the tapestries in the Gobelins Museum, I decided to follow their example this week. It is an enchanting way to spend a wet afternoon, if you find pleasure in that rich, stiff silken world where a flower can be taller than a tree, and legendary animals wander through forests whose trees bear fruit and flowers at the same time. The buildings alone are worth a visit, for they date from the seventeenth century, when Colbert (whose statue stands in the courtyard) established a colony of craftsmen here for the making of beautiful things: silversmiths, cabinet makers, painters and tapestry weavers under the direction of Le Brun. It is interesting to visit the workshops and watch the present-day craftsmen at work. Modern designs lack the grace and charm of the earlier tapestries, and it would be difficult to know exactly what to do with one, since it could scarcely be walked upon, and the one which I saw being made, full of brilliant circles of colour, would be overpowering on a wall. Since the price of a Gobelin or a Beauvais tapestry today works out at a truly staggering sum to the square metre, this question remains purely academic, and the tapestries are normally destined for display in museums or French embassies abroad. In spite of the skilled craftsmanship involved, it is not a well paid profession, and



— le bruit —

entails six years' intensive training—three years as an artist, and three as a craftsman.

I was again reminded of the seventeenth century later in the week, when I attended the *vernissage* of an exhibition of water-colour and oil paintings by Philippe Jullian. The main part of the exhibition was devoted to Mexico, where M. Jullian recently made an extensive visit, and the pictures which he has brought back with him are full of warmth and colour, and touched by the imaginative observation which are an intrinsic part of his extremely individual talent. But in one corner was a collection of sketches of exquisite seventeenth-century personages, which reminded me once again of the tapestries; moreover, the wicked, malicious faces of some of these people bore a distinct resemblance to the Goblins. Philippe Jullian is a writer as well as an artist; his latest book, *Gilberte Regained*, has recently been published by Hamish Hamilton; and, since the author and the illustrator are the same person, the witty, satirical drawings exactly suit the text.

Books by the Comtesse de Ségur, *Les Malheurs de Sophie*, and *Les Petites Filles Modèles*, have for a hundred years now delighted successive generations of French children. Unfortunately Camille and Madeleine, the grandchildren of the Comtesse de Ségur, and the original of the *petites filles modèles*, did not grow up to lead full lives. Camille made an unhappy marriage, and died of tuberculosis; while Madeleine lived a life devoted to good works and memories, until the age of eighty. To mark this centenary the Goya Museum at Castre, near Toulouse (where they are buried) is to hold a special exhibition in memory of the *Petites Filles Modèles*. It has also been suggested that one of the alleys in the Bois de Boulogne, where children of today play with space ships and Davy Crockett, should be renamed in honour of the Comtesse de Ségur.

This week, Armistice Day has been celebrated by a national holiday. Celebrations in Paris began, as usual, with a big procession down the Champs-Élysées, and military flourishes in front of the Invalides. Nothing is more spectacular and moving than the great tricolor flag hanging proudly from the centre of the Arc de Triomphe, especially when it is floodlit at nightfall. Numerous celebrations take place all over the city on this day, and it is the smaller ones which are often the most moving, because of their sincerity.

To take an example it requires, after all, some effort to turn up each year in front of Notre Dame, watched only by a handful of curious small boys and cold tourists. Each year, however, the members of the British Legion in Paris faithfully assemble here, before marching inside the cathedral to hold their short but touching service of remembrance. It seems a pity that the British Embassy has never so far seen fit to send a representative to attend this; fortunately for this small association, which has existed actively here for many years, owing to devoted service on the part of its leaders, the French Government regularly offers all the help that it can. But I am sure that official support from their own countrymen would be much appreciated.



THE SENORITAS Ana Milena, Maria Mercedes, and Maria Cristina Sardi are the three charming daughters of the recently appointed Colombian Ambassador to London



PRINCESS MARIA PIA of Saxe Coburg Braganza, daughter of King Charles I of Portugal, has been asked by Portuguese monarchists to lay claim to that country's throne

At the Theatre

MILLIONAIRE'S ROW AT ITS LIVELIEST



"THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE" (Cambridge Theatre). It's a feudin', fightin' life in the Walnut House, Philadelphia, the home of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, the happiest millionaire. Played by Robert Beatty, he is seen (above, right) offering a cigar to his terrified prospective son-in-law (Daniel Massey). Behind them stands chip-of-the-old-block Cordy (Maureen Swanson). Below, Biddle spars delightedly with a tough old retainer (Desmond Jeans). Drawings by Glan Williams



ONE must have had to feel one hundred per cent fighting fit to enjoy making a call on the real Anthony J. Drexel Biddle at his Philadelphia home some forty years ago. There were pet crocodiles slithering alarmingly about your feet. Sudden rushes of the Biddle children had to be withstood, and they had been brought up to regard life as one long jolly rough house. And there was your millionaire host, the man

Who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
How he esteems your merit

If he did not insist peremptorily on your joining one of his nationwide chain of Bible classes or the private army he was raising to fight the Kaiser as soon as old man Wilson should come to his senses, he would bawl an operatic aria at you; and if your appreciation of his performance fell short of his own he would toss over a pair of boxing gloves and offer cheerfully to knock out your teeth. All you got at the end of it was a drink of the best fruit juice: for this bellicose do-gooder was a total abstainer from the temptations of alcohol.

SOCIAL life in the Philadelphia of that day was tough going. The ambitious had to reckon with the stentorian tones, the great toothy laugh and the bluff back thumpings of the man at the summit, J. Drexel Biddle who in Walnut House, Walnut Street, was what Theodore Roosevelt a few years previously had been at the White House.

But whatever guests at Walnut House may have thought the Biddle family found their home a wonderfully happy place. Miss Cordelia Biddle became the joint author of a book, *My Philadelphia Father*, which her collaborator, Mr. Kyle Crichton has turned into the play *The Happiest Millionaire*, now at the Cambridge. Eccentrics shown from real life do not, as a rule, make good stage eccentrics. There is no room in a play to deal with all the oddities of behaviour which are nothing much considered separately but taken together stamp a man as a notably queer fellow. In life it is an accumulation of oddities that mark a man out as other than average. On stage it is different.

A really good stage eccentric such as Lord Dundreary has only one or two droll characteristics; and they have been invented specifically for theatrical effect. The eccentricity of the remarkable Col. Biddle had many facets and Mr. Kyle Crichton instead of isolating one or two makes the mistake of referring to them all. Of course, he has in the end to select, and he pitches, happily enough for the first act, on the millionaire's horror at finding that a prospective son-in-law cannot box or ride or swim. The only activity of which the terrified youth seems capable is to make sheep's eyes at Cordelia.

THIS is good enough for Cordelia, though the girl has been brought up an accomplished boxer and wrestler, but not for Biddle. The suitor is duly crushed and dismissed, but he turns up again and in the inevitable boxing match he is knocked out. He sits up and to the general surprise demands satisfaction. And disdaining the gloves he turns on the Biddles and—revealing a complete mastery of judo—throws them all over the place. He is accordingly received into the family with the kind of open arms that in a lesser household might welcome the arrival of a youthful senior wrangler.

This is good old-fashioned theatre decorated with some funny jokes, which seem all the funnier for Mr. Daniel Massey's delightful playing of the shy suitor. The special joy of the evening is watching this young actor's comic passage from bemused shyness through helpless resentment to the ferocity of desperation. It was at this same theatre, it was recalled, that his sister, Miss Anna Massey, made a similar personal hit in *The Reluctant Debutante* some years ago, and such happy coincidences much enhanced a first night audience's pleasure, already agreeably titillated by the family on stage.

But as Cordelia's enjoyment runs into rough water between the rival pretensions of millionaire families and the girl hesitates to leave a happy home for a husband there are fewer of the disarming little jokes which have kept the first act afloat. Mr. Robert Beatty is not altogether at ease as the eccentric millionaire, but there are some good firm performances by Miss Heather Thatcher and Miss Marjory Hawtrey as dowagers on the war path, and Miss Maureen Swanson is a charming tomboy heroine.

—Anthony Cookman



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL Theatre Company are appearing in "The Tempest" for a seven week Christmas season at Drury Lane, beginning on December 5. This production first seen at Stratford this year, was another triumph for Peter Brook, responsible for direction, decor and music. Sir John Gielgud as Prospero is seen (above) with Doreen Aris as Miranda



Brian Bedford as Ariel conveys the idea of a magician-ensnared elemental spirit



Alec Clunes as Caliban, with Patrick Wymark and Clive Revill as the clowns Stephano and Trinculo

Angus McBean



Mandarin, trained by F. Walwyn and ridden by Gerry Madden, winning the Hennessy Gold Cup from Linwell (M. Scuddamore) and Bremontier (A. Rossio)



Mme. Maurice Hennessy presenting Mme. Kilian Hennessy, while Lord



Mrs. Michael Bonsor was with Mrs. Charles Hambro



Mrs. E. Robathan accompanied by Miss Diana Crossman

Mr. Hugh Leggatt, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Leggatt and Mr. Richard Bryant



Miss Susan Humphreys, Col. H. St. G. MacDowel, Miss Susan Warde and Miss Brigid MacDowel



AT CHELTEN THE NOVEM

THE NATIONAL HUNT season is now in full swing, and racegoers at Cheltenham for the November Meeting saw races closely contested by steeplechasers from many well-known



the Hennessy Gold Cup to her cousin
Willoughby de Broke looks on (right)

HAM DURING BER MEETING

stable. The entries included
veterans of the Grand National
and several horses likely to run
at Aintree next March. The
main race, the Hennessy Gold
Cup, was won by Mandarin



Mrs. Barnard and Mr. J. S. Barnard
leaving the car park



Mrs. Marsh and Mr. Geoffrey Marsh
arriving at the meeting



Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham and his
sister, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham



Mrs. Toller and Capt. C. B. Toller
were among the racegoers

Mrs. Studd, Mr. Aubrey Studd, Mrs. Coleridge and
Mr. David Coleridge

Lady Orde, Sir Percy Orde, Mrs. Dyer and Mr. Mark
Dyer arriving

P. C. Palmer





LANA TURNER (above) gets a chance to pilot an aeroplane in her latest film, Universal-International's *The Lady Takes A Flyer*, photographed in colour and CinemaScope. Co-starring with Miss Turner are Jeff Chandler and Richard Denning

At the Pictures

BOY WITH A KNIFE

SINCE Mr. John Osborne presented us with *The Angry Young Man*, we have perhaps been inclined to regard the irritating creature as a British proprietary article—but it seems we were mistaken. He exists, too, in the United States: the only difference is that whereas the local variety has a few puny intellectual pretensions, the American has little but murder on his mind.

As Frankie Dane in *Crime In The Streets*, Mr. John Cassavetes is a particularly nasty specimen, eighteen years old. He lives in a squalid tenement and leads a gang of juvenile thugs who spend most of their time beating up rival gangs. A neighbour, Mr. McAllister (Mr. Malcolm Attenbury), who witnesses an armed assault by Frankie's lot, reports the little darlings to the police. This is, of course, intolerable: Mr. McAllister will have to go. Frankie persuades his two closest buddies, Baby (Mr. Sal Mineo) and Lou (Mr. Mark Rydell), that murdering McAllister will add to their prestige.

BEN WAGNER (Mr. James Whitmore), a patient social worker, gets wind of the project and does his best to talk the sullen Frankie out of it. Mr. Wagner's theory is that Frankie behaves so obnoxiously because he feels himself unloved. Baby, on the other hand, is a rebel against too much parental affection; he wants to prove to his doting Italian father that he is now grown up. No explanation is offered as to why Lou yearns to be a killer: maybe he just stands for original sin.

Frankie, though slightly rocked by Mr. Wagner's arguments, proceeds with his plans—and Mr. McAllister would be a goner and Mr. Wagner proved a failure at his job were it not for the intervention of Frankie's little brother (Master Peter Votrian). Just as Frankie is about to plunge his flick-knife into Mr.



RICHARD BURTON (right) and Curd Jurgens are the leaders of a platoon in *Bitter Victory*, a film in which the rigours of the Libyan Desert bring out a desperate clash of personalities in wartime

McAllister's vitals, the small boy, weeping bitterly, bobs up between them. The proposed victim makes off and Frankie, with blood in his eye, prepares to cut the child's throat. "But I'm your brother—and I love you," bleats the terrified child—and Frankie tenderly hugs him to what one must assume is his repentant breast. Mr. Wagner, standing by like a guardian angel, smiles a trifle smugly: everything, he seems to think, is going to be all right from now on. I wish I could share his optimism.

Mr. Cassavetes gives a fine, smouldering performance in an unpleasant rôle, Mr. Whitmore reminds one of the early Mr. Spencer Tracy, and the film, though it betrays its stage origin, is well written.

THE Angry Young Man, Western style, crops up again in *The Young Guns*. Mr. Russ Tamblyn (the talented young dancer whom you may remember from *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*) appears in a straight rôle as the son of a notorious gunman, now deceased. He has no desire to follow in his father's gory footsteps but people in the small Wyoming town where he hopes to make an honest living regard him with suspicion.

Taking umbrage, he goes off into the hills to join a community of outlaws. Most of the male adults are away at the moment—robbing banks or rustling cattle, one gathers—and only a few ancient reprobates and a dozen or so trigger-happy teen-age delinquents are there to receive him. His father's reputation endears him to the older generation, and by knocking the stuffing out of a couple of bullies of his own age, Mr. Tamblyn establishes himself as the leader of the gang.

His heart isn't really in crime, and he finds an ally in Miss Gloria Talbott—a nice girl whose absent father is wanted for murder in every state of the Union. Encouraged by her, he dissociates himself from the juvenile delinquents: "I don't bunch up with five-dollar killers," he tells them scornfully. His chance to demonstrate that he doesn't just mean he wouldn't kill for less than a really substantial sum comes when the young guns ride off to town to stage a hold-up. Mr. Tamblyn sides with law and order and the sheriff—thus securing for Miss Talbott and himself a cosy future as respected citizens. It's a moderately good film.

AFTER two British films about haulage contractors and lorry drivers (*Hell Drivers* and *The Long Haul*) comes a Russian film on the same subject—*The Rumyantsev Case*, which seems to indicate that even in the U.S.S.R. this line of business lends itself to crookery.

An honest young lorry driver called Rumyantsev (Comrade A. Balatov) gives a pretty girl (Comrade N. Podgorskaya) a lift—which is strictly against the rules. In avoiding a child who runs into the road, he runs his lorry into a wall: his passenger is injured and he is severely censured. Because he is out of favour with the authorities, a group of crooks decide to use him in a profitable racket in which they are engaged.

With forged papers they trick Rumyantsev into parting with a valuable load he is carrying—and since he has been guilty of one misdemeanour, he finds the police most unwilling to believe he is, in this case, the innocent victim of a frame-up. Blow me down if he doesn't become an Angry Young Man, so huffed that he would rather go to jail than protest against unfairness.

Fortunately for him, his lorry-driving chums are loyal to him—and they and an astute police inspector (Comrade S. Lukyanov) eventually manage to clear him. He is free to drive again, to call everybody "Comrade" (a privilege denied to law-breakers, who must use the term "Citizen") and to set up house with Comrade Podgorskaya and live happily ever after.

The picture this film presents of life in the U.S.S.R. today is most interesting. The Russians, it seems, are quite human, after all. They, too, have their habitual and incorrigible criminals—a circumstance which I have never known to be admitted before. The haulage bosses, in natty suitings, drive their private cars—the lorry drivers indulge in horseplay and get drunk in frowsy cafés. Minor police officials are typical jacks-in-office, maiden aunts are sourly jealous of young lovers—people keep cats as pets, smoke too much and watch television, and lose their tempers just as unreasonably as any despised Capitalist. Bang goes the legend of a Utopia populated exclusively by selfless State-controlled angels: they're only men and women after all.

—Elsbeth Grant



HERMIONE GINGOLD, the famous British revue actress, is to take the part of Grandmama in M-G-M's *Gigi*, a film version of Colette's novel about the untraditional offspring (Leslie Caron) of a cocotte



ANTHONY PERKINS plays in *The Tin Star* a young sheriff who, embittered, turns bounty hunter, killing outlaws for the reward money. With Perkins in the film are Henry Fonda and Michel Ray



TWELVE CENTURIES of art in Italy are covered in a magnificent volume, *Italian Paintings*, published this week by George Rainbird, Ltd., price eight guineas. Among the many fine reproductions is that above of Canaletto's "Feast Of The Ascension In Venice," which is in the Crespi Collection in Milan. The pictures are introduced, with an essay by Edith Standen, of the Metropolitan Museum of New York

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

THE TEMPERAMENT OF GENIUS

THE latest Gilbert and Sullivan book, *Gilbert: His Life And Strife* (Methuen, 25s.), features, it might seem, the world's most quarrelsome man. Hesketh Pearson, author of this biography, shows his known gift for keeping character in play—Dickens, Disraeli, Walter Scott, Oscar Wilde, Beerbohm Tree and Whistler have already responded to this treatment; now his pen has found another ideal subject. To the Gilbert-and-Sullivan combination the world is indebted for endless mirth: how many people know that the sunny operas were begotten in the murk of incessant thunderstorm?

Sullivan the composer, a man of peace, and the fulminating librettist were oddly linked. What Sir Arthur had to put up with, during the years of the dazzlingly successful collaboration, was nobody's business at that time. All is, however, now to be known—and more; for the executor of the legatee's estate has placed all Gilbert documents (correspondence and diaries) unreservedly in Mr. Pearson's hands. Deserving hands, for what a harvest we reap! At the same time, this book is no cheap attempt to belittle Gilbert, or to poke fun at him. There emerges, as the story proceeds, a lumbering giant with glints of genius.

Gilbert's quarrels are awesome: his targets ranged from his next door neighbour to almost every power in the theatre world. (His experience as a successful dramatist, in his own right, had got him well into fighting form before his and Sullivan's fateful paths converged.)

★ ★ ★

HE never seems to have fallen out with his wife, a serene and in many ways matchless woman; he attempted to patch up his parents' squabbles with what was for him exemplary patience. His being the child of an unhappy marriage may, Mr. Pearson suggests, have rattled him, from the cradle. Also, though it is sad to assume that good morals aggravate bad temper, his struggle with his own temperament in regard to ladies may well have put an extra strain on his nerves.

He was a brooder, there is no doubt. "By dwelling upon the subject day and night," he once wrote to Sullivan, "I have magnified it to the proportions of a nightmare. . . ." Happily, nothing marred his zest for success; he got immense "lift" out of simple things, and many found him a genial, generous friend. *Gilbert: His Life And Strife* is not only a study of temperament; it offers a full picture of the West End theatre during a full-blooded period, and, not least, reconstructs the glittering Savoy days.

★ ★ ★

THE volume, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* (Reinhardt, 18s.), has as explanatory sub-title, "Stories They Wouldn't Let Me Do On TV." Hitchcock the masterpiece film-maker has, as viewers know, recently turned his art to the smaller screen: his series of TV thriller films fill the parlour with enough tension to rivet a big cinema. However, apparently there are limits: Mr. Hitchcock's private taste for the macabre extends (or so it has been adjudged) to a point which *could* endanger the viewer's nerves. Regrettably, he has been obliged to jettison some of his favourite appalling stories: twenty-five of them come to us in this volume.

In fact, here's a guaranteed horror-anthology. The tales in *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* are the work of diverse authors, British, American—Russia's one contribution is somewhat morbid. Saki, Jerome K. Jerome and M. R. James are, probably, the best known in the British team, with as runners-up Thomas Burke and John Collier. Roald Dahl carries the laurels for grotesque comedy with his "Nunc Dimittis," William Hope Hodgson for gruesomeness with "The Voice In The Night," and Ray Bradbury, with "The October Game," for outright shockingness.

If you are the type whose notion of Christmas night is to gather around the Yule log and have your blood curdled, lay in these Hitchcock favourites well in advance.



CEREMONIAL POWDER HORN, over two feet long, an illustration from *The Connoisseur Year Book*, 1958 (National Magazine Co., 25s.). It was worn by the Hunt Master in processions on the day of St. Hubert, the hunter's patron



AN OVERHANG of the Matterhorn, Europe's most famous climbing mountain, being scaled. The photograph comes from *A Century Of Mountaineering, 1857-1957*, by Sir Arnold Lunn (Allen and Unwin, 30s.), celebrating the Alpine Club's centenary

Olivia Robertson, in **Dublin Phoenix** (Cape, 18s.), gives a delightful view of the Irish capital, yesterday and today. Today, on the whole, predominates; and through it breathes, too, the breath of tomorrow. Many sing Dublin as once it was—whether in tones hoarse with reprobation or croaky with regret. Miss Robertson does a more original thing in showing the city as it has come to be, and further, what it is in course of becoming. Here, also (and a great relief!), is a writer who neither cracks Dublin up nor runs it down.

THE advent of Espresso bar and ponytail has not lessened the noble gravity of the Georgian streets. Miss Robertson pictures bohemian and student life, and introduces a number of social rendezvous, including the glassy lounge of Collinstown Airport. Not less, she is interested in living conditions—Dublin pioneers in the matter of children's playgrounds, and is at grips with housing problems (rendered acute by its rate of growth) though patches of noisome slum remain. She is excellent on the subject of pleasure outings from this city set between sea and mountains.

To a Dubliner born, the passages dealing with little-known tracts (such as Ringsend) and secret patches of country will be found the most delightful in *Dublin Phoenix*. Most I praise "The Forgotten Statue" chapter, which traces the suburban yet lyrical wanderings of the Dodder. A shade too much sympathy goes—possibly?—to the "defeated" Anglo-Irish: in fact, we remnants of the wicked Ascendancy still make out, in our quiet way, exceedingly well!

★ ★ ★

RICHARD BISSELL's **Say, Darling** (Secker & Warburg, 16s.), is a high-speed, racy, taut American novel describing the making of an American musical. Mr. Bissell should know; he was co-author of *The Pajama Game*—so his hero's adventures, I take it, correspond with his own. Jack Jordan, from Indiana, comes to New York with a best-seller novel in his pocket, and takes part in the metamorphosis of his printed brain-child into a tuneful smasher which hits Broadway.

I picked up *Say, Darling* mistrustfully, seeing it to be written in American; but once having started to read it, could not put it down.



Paul Tanqueray

MADGE GARLAND (Lady Ashton) has recently had her *The Changing Face Of Beauty* (£2 2s.) published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson. It traces the modulation of the feminine archetypes in the West, over the past four thousand years



ANNE PIPER (right) had her sixth novel in six years published this autumn. Entitled *Spinsters Under The Skin* (Heinemann, 15s.), it was a Book Society recommendation. Miss Piper lives with her husband and three children in an eighteenth-century house at Hammersmith

Clayton Evans

COUNTRY FURS TO BEAT THE WINTER

AMONG the numerous furs to be found in every collection, there are many particularly suited to country wear. Coming from places as distant as Alaska and the Siberian steppes, their strong pelts are capable of standing up to long and hard wear. The prices are as variable as the furs themselves, ranging from 40-500 gns.



A FINE Indian Lamb top coat (above, left) with a full pleated back allowing easy movement and an adjustable half-belt which can be worn to the front or back of the coat. From Morris Furs, 195 gns.



SPOTTED RANGER Seal, a native of Greenland, tailors well and is excessively hardwearing. This Maxwell Croft model which has large patch pockets (above, right) costs 129 gns. Scarf by Ascher

GREATCOAT of stranded skunk, a native of North America (opposite page). A wide leather belt slots through the waistline. Skunk beret by Hugh Beresford. Ascher's scarf. The Hillman estate car from Rootes





LEFT: A double-breasted jacket of Australian Opossum, bleached and shirred of its long guard hairs. Worn with Huppert's chunky yellow sweater. A Deanfield model costing £145



GREY AND SILVER Blue-back Greenland Seal, one of the most hardwearing furs. This National Fur Company model has vent sides slit side pockets, and costs £525. It is worn with McCallum and Craigie's hooded cardigan



A NATURAL African Leopard jacket (above) with a low-slung leather hip belt controlling the back fullness. An Albert Hart model, it costs 220 gns. Worn with a Maxwell Original skirt



Michel Molinare

THE CINDERELLA of our furs—but only in price! This honey blonde Beaver Lamb jacket from the National Fur Company, £39 10s. Worn with a Maxwell Original herring-bone tweed skirt and Ascher's Spanish Riding School scarf



INSPIRED IN STYLE

FROM CLARK'S "Country Club" range, a strong hard wearing shoe in teak mellocalf with polished leather heel. Price 69s. 9d. at D. H. Evans; Affleck & Brown, Manchester. Fine mesh Helanca stretch stockings by Morley



A BROWN calf shoe with finely pointed toe and slender medium height heel. From Hutchings, New Bond Street, price 6½ gns. Hard wearing, 30-denier "Common Sense" nylons by Charnos



A STURDY country brogue by Bective in tan velour suede with a micro-cellular sole. Price 79s. 11d. at Joanny, Royal Arcade, W.1. 30-denier, heavy country-weight stockings by Ballito

A SMART SHOE for the busy town girl. Made in black calf with a mesh vamp and low curving Louis heel. By Holmes, 89s. 11d. at Dickins & Jones; Beales, Bournemouth. Vayle's 15-denier, 60-gauge stockings with a lanolized, snag resistant finish



TEAMWORK FOR FOOTGEAR

FROM THE NEW Christian Dior collection a shoe in freesia suede with fashionable high vamp and chisel toe. 8½ gns. Marshall & Snelgrove, early February. Stockings by Schiaparelli in soft "Sugar Peach" shade



BEAUTIFULLY made, elegant Italian court shoe in black calf with a needle-fine copperized heel. Price 10 gns. The jet buckles clip on and are bought separately—25s. Exclusive to Fanchon; London Shoe Co., Bond Street

A Poiret heeled pointed toe court shoe in olive green calf. By Bective, they cost £5 5s. at Dickins & Jones. Berkshire's Pan-American seam-free 15-denier nylon stockings

Michel Molinare



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

JEWELLED and embroidered, the little white dress is worthy of nearly every evening occasion and deserves the compliment of beautiful furs and jewels. Above: a stole of Jasmine Emba natural white mink with a tiered petal collar to frame the face by S. London. Jewels by Jewelcraft from many leading stores. Right: hand-embroidered with many coloured flowers, this Roter model in white

THE LITTLE WHITE DRESS

Duchesse satin costs about 26½ gns. from Ann Gerrard of Bruton Street and Leaders of Leeds. It is also made in many pastel shades. Two strand white fox stole by Calman Links. Shoes with removable satin rosettes from Delman. Opposite page: white Duchesse satin embroidered with pearls and diamante. A Roter model approx. 37½ gns. at Rocha of Grafton Street and Taylors of St. Annes. White mink stole by Calman Links. Both the models shown are lined







The front door and porch at the house of Mrs. Thornton Willey, in Hampstead Lane, is Tudor in inspiration and design



This interesting antique coffer, panelled front and sides, provides ample storing space and is attractive in itself, £22 10s.

Welcome through the front door

THE HALL is the first room to be seen on entering a house. First impressions are always important, and the entrance should welcome the visitor the moment he crosses the threshold, and be a warm promise of hospitality. These ideas for furnishing are all obtainable from Maples

—JEAN CLELAND



This hall wardrobe, oak finished, is fitted with hat shelf and hanging rod, and costs £41 15s.



An old mercurial barometer in an inlaid mahogany case, made by P. Corte of Exeter, costs £16 10s., obtainable at Maples



Period-style chair, with panelled inlaid back (left), £17 10s.; beside it stands a reproduction credence cupboard in oak finish, drawer in front, shelf inside, £37 19s. 6d., on which stands a brassware jug, £1 16s. 6d.; right, a grandfather clock, oak case, Westminster chimes, £94 10s. The delightful Persian rug costs £82 10s.



Jacobean type Magicoal electric fire, fitted with metal dogs and simulated fuel, gives great heat. It costs £39



This five-foot long reproduction oak stool combines usefulness with remarkably good looks; it costs £18 2s. 6d.

Dennis Smith

Beauty

Circulation from tip to toe



THINGS in the West End are livening up. Theatres, restaurants, beauty salons and hairdressers are full of activity.

As the head of a well-known beauty salon put it: "Now that our clients are back in circulation, life is on the move again."

My mind revolved around the word "circulation," and I recalled a talk I once had in Vienna with a famous specialist who described circulation as "vital to the maintenance of health and beauty." "If people only knew," he said, "how important it is, they would pay more attention to it. By promoting the blood flow, it brings beauty to the hair, colour to the cheeks, energy and suppleness to the body and spring to the feet. Best of all, it does wonders for preventing the set look that so often accompanies middle age."

Since that talk, I have discussed the question of circulation with various beauty experts, and all are agreed that a little time spent in promoting it from top to toe, is as sound a passport to good looks as anything you can possibly do. Here are some of the ways in which health and beauty can be kept on the move.

IF your hair looks dull and lacks life, try giving it a few minutes massage each day. Start at the base and work up towards the crown. Be sure to move the scalp briskly to and fro as you go. Next take small handfuls of hair all over the head and give it little tugs. This combined with the massage loosens the scalp, and allows the blood to flow more freely, thus enlivening the hair and giving it brightness and sheen.

If your complexion lacks radiance, concentrate on daily toning. Brisk patting is excellent for bracing the underlying muscles and firming the contours. There is no more effective

way of doing away with any signs of flabbiness under the chin, or slackness of the cheeks. By improving the circulation, renewed resilience is given to the tissues, and this banishes the look of droopiness which is so ageing. Patting should start under the chin, and move up along the jaw-line to the ears, first on one side of the face and then on the other. If you are troubled with the beginnings of a dowager's hump at the back of the neck, give this a course of brisk patting too.

Another good way of bringing back new life to a skin that is inclined to be dull and sallow, is to use a special circulation mask. Elizabeth Arden has an excellent one called "Anti-Brown" which whips up the circulation, and by so doing, brightens and clears the complexion. Cleanse the skin, pat briskly for a few minutes with skin tonic, smooth on a thin film of skin food over the face and throat, then apply the "Anti-Brown" masque. Almost immediately, you will feel a tingling sensation which makes the whole face glow. Leave the masque on for a few minutes, then remove and apply a little muscle oil. Just before going to bed, massage gently with a little Orange Skin Food, and leave on all night.

Puffiness beneath the eyes may be due to ill health (in which case a doctor should be consulted), or just to fatigue. If the latter, much can be done to reduce it by promoting the circulation. You can do this effectively by contrast treatments with hot and cold water. Take two pads of cotton-wool, hold one under the cold tap and one under the hot, and apply alternately for several minutes. Further improvement for this condition can be had by using one of the firming preparations, which should be gently moulded or pressed into the skin round the eyes each day before making up. Three very effective ones from which to choose are "Contour Lift Film" by Helena Rubinstein, "Firmo-Lift" by Elizabeth Arden, and "Captive Beauty" by Yardley.

A LITHE and healthy body is greatly assisted by good circulation. Massage and exercise both help to keep this on the go. If you can spare the time for professional massage, either at home or at one of the beauty salons that specialize in body treatments of this kind, it will pay good dividends. If not, you can derive considerable benefit by giving yourself an all over rub with a rough loofah each day after the morning bath. This is good for the health and the figure, since it assists the digestion and disperses fatty deposits. To keep the streamline, this should be followed by a few daily exercises, jumping and clapping the hands in front and behind the back, then bending to the left and the right, slapping the feet with the hands, to warm the extremities.

The last item is feet. If, after a busy day, these ache, and the ankles tend to swell, the "contrast" treatment for encouraging circulation, is again one of the best things you can do for them. Dip them first in cold water and then into hot, and continue this alternately for five to ten minutes. After this, rotate each foot in turn from the ankles, stretching each circle from heel to toe. This can be done whenever you are sitting down during the day.

This completes the list, and should put you in good circulation from tip to toe.

—Jean Cleland



The bending and foot slapping exercise (left) and the jumping and hand-slapping exercise (right) bring beauty



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RECENTLY MARRIED



Ford—Cole-Hamilton. Mr. Stephen Wilbraham Ford, son of the late Major J. M. Randle Ford, and of Mrs. Ford, of Iwerne Minster, Dorset, married Miss Diana P. S. Cole-Hamilton, daughter of the late Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. J. B. Cole-Hamilton, and ward of Mrs. S. Hancock, of Porlock, Somerset, at St. Paul's, Portman Square, W.1

Fayer



Moore—Mason. Mr. Peter John de Appleby Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. de A. Moore, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, was married to Miss Cynthia Mary Mason, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Mason, of The Mill, Tumut, New South Wales, Australia, at the Church of St. Helen, Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire



Finnis—Notman. Captain Michael Moore Finnis, R.A.S.C., son of the late Mr. J. B. Finnis, and of Mrs. A. R. Johnson, of Auckland, New Zealand, married Miss Sally P. Notman, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. W. T. Notman, of Trethevy, Cornwall, at the Parish Church of St. Materiana, Tintagel, Cornwall



Henderson—Chrystal. Mr. Richard Yates Henderson, younger son of the late Mr. John W. Henderson, and of Mrs. Henderson, of Savoy House, Ayr, recently married Miss Frances Chrystal, second daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Chrystal, and of Mrs. J. S. Chrystal, of Loans, Ayrshire, at St. Ninian's Church, Troon



Wright—Rapley. Mr. Peter Rhoderic Stanton Wright, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo S. Wright, of Orsett House, Horsham, Sussex, was recently married to Miss Patricia Edwina Rapley, daughter of Mr. C. Niell, of Crowthorne, Ellens Green, Sussex, at the Parish Church of the Holy Trinity, Rudgwick, near Horsham, Sussex



Hildred—Dutton. The marriage took place of Mr. David John Hildred, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hildred, of Bournemouth, and Miss Naida Mary Dutton, only daughter of the late Mr. Guy Dutton, M.C., and of Mrs. Guy Dutton, of Payables Farm, Checkendon, Oxon, at Checkendon Church



Stewart—Danks. Mr. Hugh Wylie Stewart, son of the late Mr. Hugh W. Stewart, and of Mrs. B. Stewart, of Sutton, Surrey, married Miss Sylvia Danks, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Danks, of York Lodge, York Rd., Sutton, at the Church of St. Dunstan, Cheam, Surrey



Kirby—Sandford. Mr. Michael Kirby, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kirby, of Eagle Court, Snaresbrook, Essex, married Miss Juliet Sandford, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Sandford, of Eye Manor, Leominster, Herefordshire, at St. Paul's Church, Elsted, nr. Midhurst, Sussex



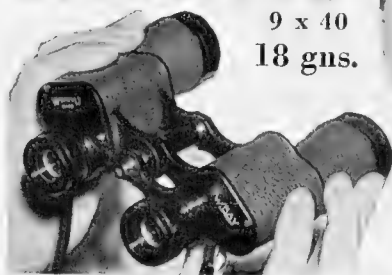
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A Woman

in the Garden

A CROWDED CANVAS

A GAY and colourful garden is, I suppose, everybody's ambition, but I want something more besides. I want to be able to have for as many weeks in the year as possible plenty of cut flowers and, equally important, cut foliage for the house, and this without making too great a sacrifice of the flowers in the garden beds and borders.

So we have planted plenty of the fairly bushy types of herbaceous plants—those where one can steal a stem or two and still leave a large patch of colour in the border. The erigerons, especially the new varieties ending in "ity"—Sincerity, Felicity, Dignity and so on—rudbeckias, heleniums, Michaelmas daisies, the dwarf Belladonna delphiniums, all of these yield plenty of stems so that one can judiciously snip a few here and there.

But I think it is always worthwhile to devote a strip at the end of the vegetable garden just for cutting flowers. In the old days in the big gardens, of course, they had their cutting garden right near the kitchen door, but I do not mind where it is, so long as we have one. In our cutting patch—I would not dignify it by the name of a cutting garden—I like to have pyrethrums, especially the pink "Eileen May Robinson," *Scabiosa caucasica*, "Clive Greaves," peonies which are, after all, the aristocrats among herbaceous plants for flower arrangements, the perennial *Statice latifolia*, *Eryngium amethystinum* one of the bluest sea hollies, *Catananche coerulea*, a few lilies such as *Lilium Martagon* and *L. speciosum* in its several varieties, and, of course, some of the almost hardy Korean types of chrysanthemum.

BUT it is surprising how important the foliage can be in the simplest flower arrangements. Even in quite a large garden one often finds that there is very little foliage to be had, and it does pay to plant some shrubs just for their leaves. One plant that gives me great pleasure, because it is a dual purpose proposition, is the globe artichoke. We have the succulent heads to eat as *artichauts vinaigrette*, and also the very exciting leaves which by their shape and silvery colour can lend an air of distinction to any flower arrangement. In the warmer counties of the southern half of England, and in a sheltered corner, *Choisya ternata* is a good evergreen and gives us useful foliage at all times of the year. In the more favoured parts even farther south, *Pittosporum* is the foliage shrub *par excellence*.

Grey-leaved plants like *Senecio laxifolius*, or *Santolina Chamaecyparissus*, the Cotton Lavender, are excellent, and of course there are many variegated shrubs such as *Elaeagnus* in its several varieties. The Brooms, varieties of *Cytisus*, have a peculiarly attractive foliage for flower arrangements and are most useful when one wishes to make rather striking modern "line" arrangements. There are plenty more, in fact practically any evergreen will give useful foliage for flower arrangements.

REMINDERS: Many flat stone walls are beginning to show signs of wear and tear at this time of the year. They should be remade now, otherwise the winter rains will create further damage.

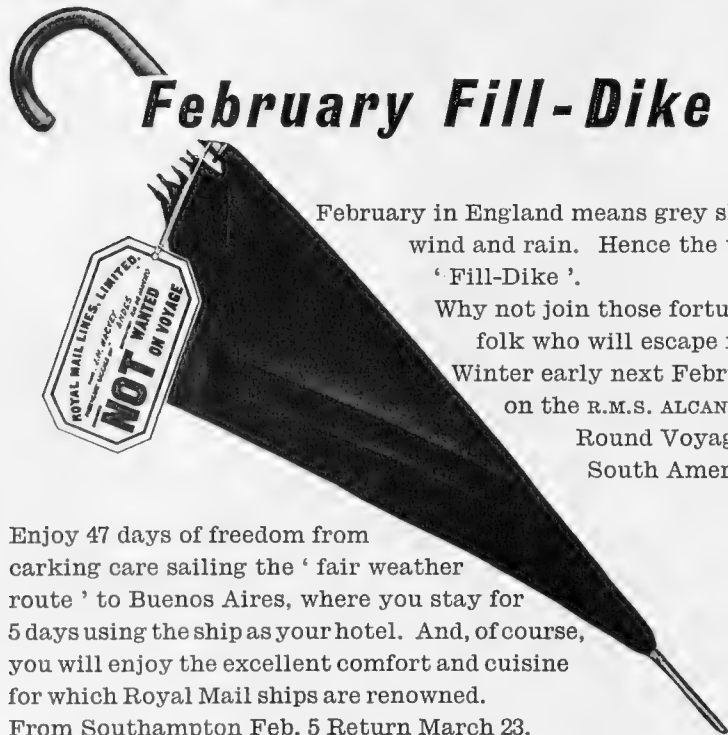
This has been a bad summer and autumn for the lawn—moss is appearing in many lawns where it has never been seen before. Moss will grow lustily during the winter when the grass is more or less dormant. Now is the time to hit it with one of the mercuric moss killers. Nowadays one can buy a moss eradicant that can be applied in a liquid solution, which will keep the lawn free of moss for at least a year; if not more.

—Betty Hay

February Fill-Dike

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Fayer

Miss Marion Audrey Keyte, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Keyte, of Caterham-on-the-Hill, is to marry Mr. James Roe, only son of Mr. Kenneth Roe, of Cockington, Devon, and the late Mrs. Z. Roe



Lenare

Miss Fanny Argenti, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Argenti, of Princes Gardens, S.W.7, is to marry Mr. John A. Phrantzes, only son of the late Lt.-Gen. A. Phrantzes, C.B., and of Mme. Phrantzes, of Athens

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Pearl Freeman

Miss Lorena Felicity Anne Wolf, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. P. Wolf, of Sawyer's Lands, Silchester, Reading, is to marry Mr. Terence Skene Smallwood Walley, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. T. Walley, of Aylestead, near Lancaster



Harlip

Miss Evelyn Anne Viva Douglas Service, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Service, of Redington Road, N.W.3, is to marry Mr. Simon John Wyndham Lewis, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, of Clareville Street, S.W.7



Yevonde

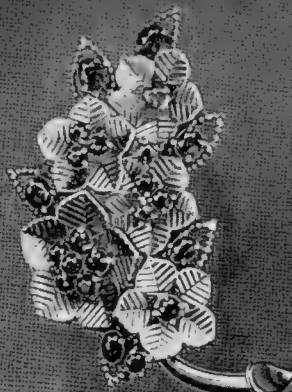
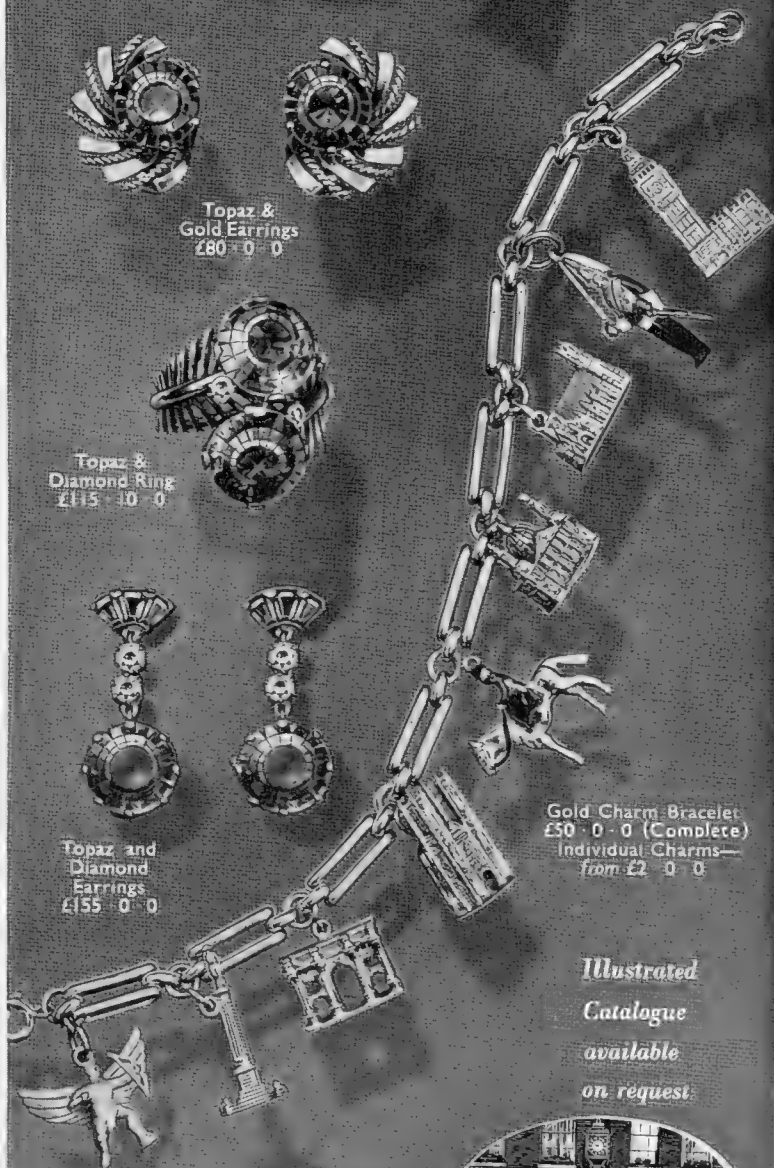
Miss Diana Marion Barne, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. M. E. St. J. Barne, of Beccles, and Mrs. Maxtone Graham, of Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh, is to marry Mr. Richard Christopher Lloyd, only son of Major and Mrs. L. W. Lloyd, of Norfolk



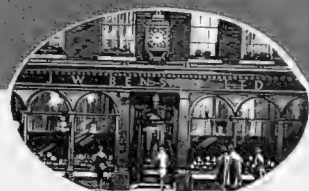
Fayer

Miss Charmian Elizabeth Buckle, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. H. Buckle, of The Hickerage, Writtle, Essex, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Gilbert Adams, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Adams, of Maldon

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DINING OUT

Bottle-it-yourself

DURING the past weeks I have enjoyed some unusual experiences when dining out. For example, I never expected to find myself at a dinner in England where over fifty per cent of the 115 guests present bottle their own wine. This was, however, the case when I was a guest of the Wine Lovers' Society at the Hungaria.

The founder of the society, Edward Ott, who lives in Birmingham, had for some years been importing wine in the barrel direct from France and bottling it in his home. In November, 1950, an article in the national press deplored that good wine was beyond the reach of the ordinary man. He replied to the article pointing out that the obstacle could be overcome by importing wine in the barrel direct from the grower. The response was amazing and he received hundreds of letters asking for information, and with great assistance from Louis Vialard of Château Cissac in the Gironde, the Wine Lovers' Society was formed; it imports its wines direct from the vineyards, has over six hundred members, and even has a London office which is run by a great enthusiast, Miss Pat Green, who has served her apprenticeship in the vineyards of the Médoc.

The dinner itself was unusual, starting with a *Coulbiak de Saumon* which was accompanied by a Mailly Champagne Rosé 1952; with the *Borstchok en Tasse* we had vodka; the *Suprême de Volaille au Paprika*, a highly flavoured dish, was matched with a good strong Hungarian wine, Egri Bikavér, and with the *Fromage Liptauer*, which also required a powerful wine, we had the excellent accompaniment of a *Châteauneuf du Pape* 1952.

With the *Crêpes Hongroises* another Hungarian wine, Tokaji Aszu 1950 3 Puttonos, was served, which for a sweet wine I found surprisingly dry, and Barack Kecskemet went with the coffee, the

M. CONTI explains to his *maître chef*, Ermenegileo Colombo, at his inn, the Old Bell, Oxted, Surrey, a new cut for smoked salmon. M. Conti was for many years at the Café de Paris and afterwards at the Berkeley Arms. Colombo has served with him for the past three years at the Old Bell



flavour of which reminded me very much of a French Marc.

Another surprising affair was when I dined at La Bohème Restaurant in Chelsea. It is a strange thing how one can live near certain restaurants or pubs for some years and for some inexplicable reason only use one or two and never even enter the others. This was my first visit to La Bohème although before the war I lived within a few hundred yards of it for some years and since the war have passed it every day.

Here again the menu was unusual: *Hors d'Oeuvre à la Grecque*; *Bortsch à la Russe*; *Filet de Sole à la Grimaldi*; *Selle de Pre-Sale au Celery*, *Pommes Dauphine*; *Melon en Surprise*, *Friolités*; *Bignets au Camembert*; *Corbeille de Fruits* and *Café*. The wines commenced with Retsina, a Greek wine which has to be well chilled or the strong flavour of resin becomes too pronounced; next a Pommard, then a Commandaria with the dessert, and a remarkable fifty-year-old Grecian brandy called Botrys with the coffee.

To my amazement, on asking Mr. C. Demetriou, the manager, about his chef, I was told that it was M. Casser, who, as principal assistant to Escoffier, accompanied that world-famous chef as adviser to Kaiser Wilhelm II. The *Selle de Pre-Sale au Celery*, *Pommes Dauphine*, was one of the dishes served at the Kaiser's banquet on board the Amerika in 1905. It was, indeed, remarkable to find that this excellent meal had been prepared by a *maître chef* aged eighty-five.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Stirring times

MORE people, I think, make good Christmas puddings than cakes, simply because steam is not unpredictable while the temperatures of many ovens often are. This latter means, of course, that many old cookers need overhauling. I constantly receive letters about cakes which were baked at too high or too low a temperature, the oven, in each case, being at fault. Always, I suggest that the cooker be looked over. Women do put up with inefficient tools and equipment and it is a pity when an oven cancels the good work we put in on expensive ingredients.

Many people make a batch of Christmas puddings to serve on important family dates during the year and, very often, the Christmas pudding is made a year ahead.

The following amounts will make 3 to 4 puddings of 2½ to 2 lb. each, but they can very easily be halved or quartered as required.

You will need the following fruits: 1 lb. each currants, sultanas (some chopped to release their delicious flavour into the mixture) and stoned raisins; 4 oz. chopped stoned prunes; ½ lb. chopped mixed peel; 2 to 3 grated peeled and cored apples; 3 oz. chopped sweet almonds and 1 oz.

chopped bitter almonds; the grated rind and juice of a large lemon or 2 smaller ones.

Sift together ½ lb. plain flour, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground ginger (or, instead of these three 1 teaspoon mixed spice) and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 12 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, ¾ lb. dark brown pudding sugar and ¾ lb. chopped or shredded suet. Mix all these with the fruits. Add 6 beaten eggs and enough old ale, brandy, rum or sherry or any of these and water, half and half, to make a mixture moist enough to drop from the spoon when it is lifted up and given a short jerk. If it is not moist enough, add more liquid.

This pudding mixture needs to be well stirred, so ask the "man of the house" to do at least half of the heavy work then let every member of the family "have a go."

Fill the well buttered basins with the mixture. Cover each with two thicknesses of greaseproof paper and a cloth. Stand on a trivet in a pan or pans of boiling water reaching half-way up them, cover tightly and boil for 5 to 6 hours, replenishing the boiling water as it evaporates.

Remove the cloths and paper and, when cold, cover with other papers and clean cloths. Hang or stand in a dry airy place. On Christmas Day itself, steam the pudding or puddings for a further 3 hours.

SERVE Cumberland rum butter with the pudding. This reminds me that Millers of Kendal, an associated company of Escoffier, Ltd., pack this butter in the famous Cumberland stone jars. These jars (½ lb. each) retail at 3s., and can be bought from any of the London stores and most good grocers throughout the country. The simplicity of these stone jars appeals to me. What is important is the product, not any fancy (sometimes expensive) container. (The exception is stem ginger in very lovely jars and vases which, when empty, serve as lasting ornaments.)

Although my colleague I. Bickerstaff attended the wine-tasting to commemorate the centenary of H. Sichel & Sons, I must refer briefly to this outstanding wine "primer" event. During the 1½ hours tasting, Mr. Walter Sichel, great-grandson of the founder of the firm, stood and, in a gentle and persuasive voice, directed us to taste first the Moselles (five in a row) but, from then on, moved seemingly out of order through the wines of the Nahe, Steinwein, Rheingau, Rheinhessen and the Palatinate. From time to time, he would ask us to return to No. 3 or other wine and remarked that, this way, we would realize how far we had come in the tasting of the richer, more fully flavoured wines. It was an entertaining education in German vintages.

—Helen Burke



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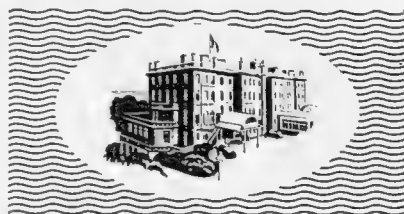
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Oliver Stewart

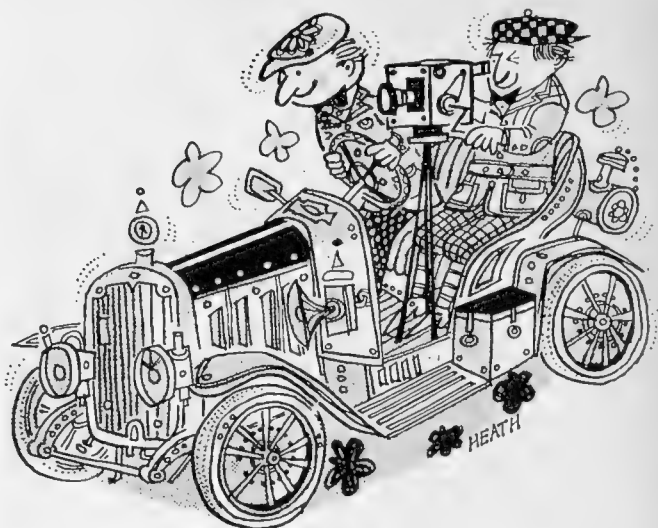
SAFETY belts for car occupants have been widely advocated and are available both here and in America. Whether they will ever be widely used is another matter. When children are being carried they seem to be justified because children tend to wander about inside the car and even to stand on the seats, so that they are especially liable to be hurt on sudden braking. Even a moderately sharp deceleration, such as may be required by an inadequately anticipated change in the traffic lights, can throw a child forward hard enough to hurt it.

It is surprising how many things inside a car can cut and bruise if someone is brought up against them by heavy braking. But great improvements have been made here, and the 1958 models show that designers have paid attention to giving the occupants a shock-absorbing cocoon. Control knobs, gear levers and sharp edges have all been treated. The angle under the dash, for instance, has a soft padding in several cars and this is a protection for both driver and front seat passenger. Then there is the Citroën DS 19 steering wheel which will give if the driver comes up hard against it.

Probably there is a complete theoretical case in favour of safety belts even with these improvements in the "cushiness" of the car interior; but I do not believe that the average motorist will be persuaded to use them. With children it is a different matter. On the morning trek to school the acrobatics of some of the smaller members of the family in the back are highly disturbing to anyone who thinks of what happens when the brakes go on.

THIS is the time when I usually begin to receive letters about night driving and driving in fog and mist. Is it worth buying a fog lamp? Are yellow tinted headlights better than white? What about windscreen washers? Here there are conflicting opinions on some points. For instance the official research worker's view is that the white headlight is better than the yellow at the same power and adjustment, and is no more dazzling. Nevertheless many experienced drivers swear by the yellow tinted light and, of course, the French authorities require it.

This year I am using yellow tinted headlights in order to do a sufficient mileage with them to offer readers a considered opinion. My impressions from using them for brief periods in



the past is that they are superior to white headlights. I know this runs counter to official opinion. But one has to do only a few hundred miles night driving in France to begin to have doubts about that official opinion.

In fog the official opinion is again against the yellow tinted lamp. The view is that, if it dazzles the driver less, that is solely because the intensity of the light is less, and hosts of tests have been done to "prove" that the white light goes farther through the fog. When I have completed a really large mileage with my present yellow tinted lights I shall give my personal conclusions. Meanwhile I certainly do recommend the fitting of a fog light, set low.

I also recommend the fitting of windscreen washers. In fog, dirt particles are continuously being deposited on the windscreen. They build up a film which makes seeing more difficult, but they build it up progressively, so that the driver may not notice what is gradually reducing his vision and may attribute it to a thickening of the fog. The wiper should frequently be turned on in fog and the washer ensures that it does in fact clean the screen. So my recommendations are that a fog lamp be fitted and a windscreen washer. On yellow tinted headlights I reserve final judgment and merely say that my partial impressions are in favour of them.

A "TEST" reported the other day by the Standard Motor Company looks like setting a fashion. It will be recalled that a driver with two passengers and their luggage set out from central London in one of the 14 horse-power Standard Ensign saloons to go to Brussels while somebody else set out at the same time and the same place to go to the same destination by taxi. So we had the drive in the Ensign, with an air ferry flight from Southend to Ostend, set against a normal air journey with taxi terminal communications in London and Brussels.

Well, the result is now well known. The people in the car arrived in their Brussels hotel nearly forty minutes before the person who had done the normal air journey. Now I hear rumours of other similar "tests," all designed to show that the person in the private motor-car, using the air ferry, can get to many key places on the Continent more quickly than the person who goes through the normal motions of air travel.

The R.A.C. suggests . . .

That bad weather will mean many more motorists driving with windows shut. If the exhaust system is faulty there is a danger that fumes will enter the car and, with the windows shut, drowsiness, headaches—even accidents—will result. There was reported recently the case of a passenger who died in such circumstances.

So it is very important at this time of the year to have the exhaust system checked. It is quite simple to have done.

After upper cylinder lubricant has been introduced into the air intake of the carburettor, have the engine run. Blue smoke will be emitted from faulty joints. Have these repaired at once.

Another winter driving hint: the number of lights and other electrical devices which modern cars have impose, particularly in the dark months, a considerable burden on the battery. Maintenance of the battery is therefore very high on the list of jobs which every motorist should have done at weekly intervals.





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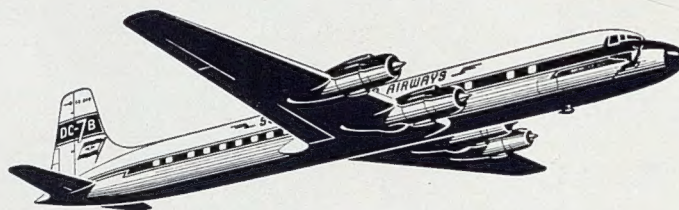
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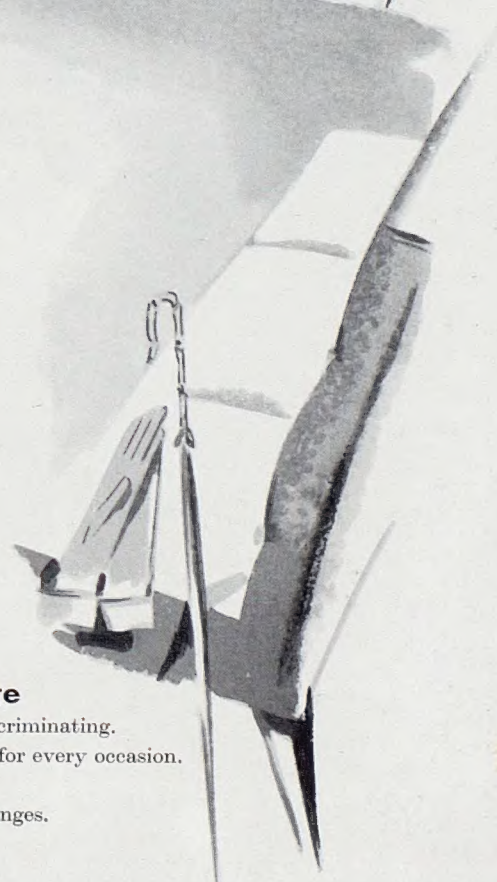
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